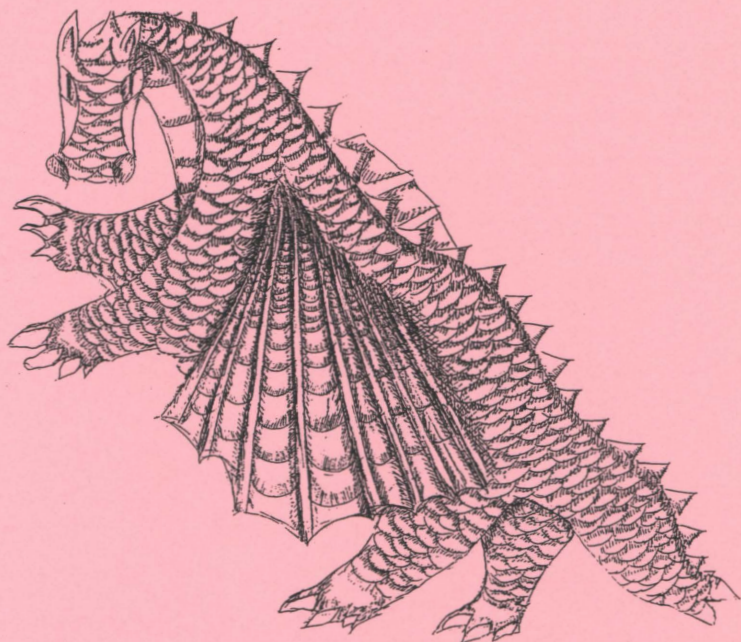


Animals & Men

The Journal of The Centre for Fortean Zoology



EXCLUSIVE:

The Identity of The Beast of Le Gevaudan finally
revealed

The Dragons of Yorkshire; Irish
Mystery Animals; The Vampire
Sheep Killer of Badminton Revisited;
and much more....

Issue Fourteen

Two Pounds

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THE GREAT DAYS OF ZOOLOGY ARE NOT DONE

Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of *Animals & Men*. In many ways I feel that this is the best issue that we have produced to date. There have, however, been a couple of problems. Due both to illness and equipment problems this issue is considerably later than it would have been and, because of problems with our printing equipment the production values of this issue, at least as far as the typeface are concerned are slightly lower than those which you (and we) have come to expect.

We have therefore decided that, if at all possible, as of the next issue, we will be producing the magazine on a PC rather than on our antiquated (and now rather ramshackle) AMIGAs. As long as our financial forecast goes according to plan (and let's face it so far it never has) we will be buying a second hand PC sometime before the end of August. This will give us a far greater degree of flexibility as far as production, picture and graphic manipulation, typefaces etc are concerned, and should, we hope, improve the overall quality of the magazine to a remarkable degree.

We have had a number of visitors to the CFZ this year. Erik Sorenson, Richard Freeman and Darren Naish to name but three. It is always nice to see you all, and please feel free to pop in whenever you are in the area. If (like Richard F) you end up helping me compile an article for *Portean Studies Volume Four* or if, like Sally Parsons you end up doing my washing up, that is, I am afraid, one of the chances you have to take when you visit what is, after all a chaotic bachelor household as well as being the UK's premier cryptozoological organisation. Graham and I have recently acquired a housekeeper who is helping to civilise us to a greater extent than ever before (Hi Cara), and we also wish to welcome aboard Lisa Allegri, who has done some lovely illustrations for this issue (including the cover) and will almost certainly be a regular contributor from now on. The libellous piccie of me at the bottom of the page is by Darren Naish, who (I think) deserves credit for thinking up ruder and ruder ways to portray me within a cryptozoological context).

Our next major project, apart from the 1998 Yearbook which will, we hope at least, be available

on time this year, be the 'Mystery Animals of Hong Kong' by Richard Muirhead and Myself. We do not know what the format is likely to be, as there is almost certainly enough material to fill two volumes. We are still planning to republish 'Doc' Shields's 'The Cantrip Codex' before the end of the year, and we are in discussion with other authors regarding books for our longer range publication schedule.

We have decided that another long term aim of the CFZ is to move out of our somewhat squalid little abode in Exeter and into somewhere large and rural where we can have a proper visitors centre and resource library as well as holding seminars and the like. Again this is all down to finance, but there seems to be enough National Lottery money floating around for stupid schemes which neither interest nor benefit anyone, that we may well be able to get hold of some of this resource which is hitherto untapped (at least by us).

My thanks to everyone who has sent in letters, telephones and messages of goodwill regarding my forthcoming divorce. The decree nisi has now been issued and it seems that the whole unfortunate episode will be over very soon. I wish Alison all the best in her new life. She was instrumental in setting up the CFZ with me seven years ago, but she has moved on to pastures new, and so, indeed have we. Life goes on, and we at the Centre for Portean Zoology must endeavour to move onwards and upwards...

Best wishes
Jonathan Downes



NEWSFILE

Compiled and Edited by Jonathan Downes and Graham Inglis



MYSTERY CATS

Stockport, Manchester.

Catherine Murphy, a pensioner from Stockport was 'stunned' to see a 'large cat' sleeping in her garden. "She could only see the back of the tanned-coloured creature, but knew that it was much too big to be a pet cat, and the 'wrong shape' for a dog - which could not have climbed on to the roof of the shed anyway". A photograph of an indistinct pawprint about three inches long accompanies this story but is too blurry to be conclusive either way. *Manchester Metro News 11.7.97*

Highlands, Scotland.

Farmer John MacLennan aged 69 of Dalcross reported four lambs killed, apparently by a 'large beast with brown skin' that they saw slipping through a fence but 'were unable to identify'. They said that the "attacker was obviously a powerful animal with good fangs that had managed to get a good grip on the lambs". *Aberdeen Evening Express 10.6.97*

Mildenhall, Suffolk

A man who wished to remain anonymous saw a big cat like animal run across the road as he was

driving along the A1101 near the village of Kenny Hill. He was certain that it was neither a dog or a fox and local police have confirmed that this is only one of a number of sightings of similar animals in the area.

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

In possibly the most exciting discovery for British Cryptozoology since that of the Kellas Cat, a cherished theorem of British mystery cat lore has been turned upon its head. Two specimens of the Jungle Cat (*Felis chaus*) are known from the UK. They are both road kills and it has been supposed (almost certainly) that they were escaped pets or zoo specimens. These animals have been used (very successfully) to promote the school of thought that exotic species can and do survive in Britain. This species is presently found in the Middle East and North Africa, and until now there has been no suggestion that they have ever lived in the UK.

The *Daily Mail*, of Wednesday 18th June 1997, however tells a different story:

"The bones of a Jungle Cat, dating back 200,000 years have been found on the banks of the Thames at Aveley."

This, in theory at least, opens the world of British cryptozoology open to more speculation that the Shropshire and Hampshire Jungle cat specimens were in fact members of a relict population of indigenous British wild animal. This is highly unlikely, but the new discovery has opened up a whole new metaphorical can of worms!

OUT OF PLACE



BEE IN THEIR BONNET

African Bee Eaters, beautiful birds which only occasionally visit and breed in Britain were reported in May at Witney in Oxfordshire, attracting a horde of twitchers determined to see these rare and exciting visitors. Resident, Jayne Leonard, of Upper End, Fulbrook is quoted as saying about the obsessive birdwatchers, that "we wondered if somebody famous had moved in and they were paparazzi".

PINK FLAMINGOS

A Flamingo which had escaped from a leisure park near Romsey in Hampshire turned up in Exeter in early July. The five year old Lesser Flamingo called Amy was taken to Cricket St Thomas Wildlife Park from whence she was eventually returned to her flock, *Aberdeen Press and Journal* 9.7.97

EDITOR'S NOTE (ONE): The Centre for Fortean Zoology has long been interested in these sightings of Flamingos, because although it is certain that most of the birds seen in Britain are, like this specimen, escapees from captivity, Flamingos are found in parts of southern Europe, and with the changes in climate, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that these beautiful birds could extend their habitat into the shallow coastal estuaries of southern Britain.

EDITOR'S NOTE (TWO): There hasn't been a 'phone in' quiz for a while, but if you want to win an autographed copy of my latest book *'The Owlman and Others'* (1997), 'phone and tell me, who directed the movie 'Pink Flamingos'? Who starred in it? and why is it my favourite film? This competition is not open to Richard Freeman who presently has borrowed my own copy of this cinematic masterpiece.

....AND OTHERS

It has been suggested on a number of occasions that sightings of rogue European Eagle Owls (*Bubo bubo*) may have been responsible for sightings of the notorious Owlman of Mawnan in southern Cornwall. In my aforementioned book, and at length in the pages of this magazine I have stated my reasons for believing this theory to be ill informed nonsense. It is interesting, however, to find that a bird of this species lived for several

weeks on the roof of St Paul's Cathedral in London before succumbing to an untimely death! *Aberdeen Press and Journal* 8.7.97; *The Times* 8.7.97.



(Picture via Copyright Liberation Front)

ANIMAL ANOMALIES

STARS AND STRIPES

This doesn't really count as an 'anomaly' but it is interesting anyway. This peculiar mule-like equid is a cross between a zebra and a donkey which was bred in the United States and is now on display at a horse centre in Leominster, Herefordshire. It is interesting to note quite how much like a quagga it looks.



Picture courtesy of the Copyright Liberation Front

WHITE POWER

As noted in a recent issue of *Fortean Times* there have been a large number of albino mammals turning up this year. A pair of albino squirrels were found near Wallington in Surrey, according to the *Mail* on Sunday July 6th 1997, and the *Daily Mail*, on March 4th showed pictures of a rather stunning white (but not albino) hedgehog. The latter was probably a chinchilla mutant, but its peculiar genetic history would have been no protection against the predators who would no doubt have eaten it if it had not been rescued by a Somerset animal sanctuary. These are just two selections from our files. There have been so many odd coloured frogs turning up across the west of England that the Cornwall Wildlife Trust actually instigated a 'Golden Frog Day' to raise public awareness of these peculiar creatures.

RODENT RUCTIONS

It appears that Gerbils separated from their mates display the same symptoms of loss and grief as "depressed divorcee" according to researchers at Leeds University who are presently studying the biochemistry of depression. As someone who is in the process of undergoing a messy and traumatic divorce I could make a caustic comment here, but won't. *Aberdeen Press and Journal* 23.1.97

LAKE MONSTERS



LAKE VAN IN TRANSIT

Video footage of what is alleged to be the 'monster' living in Lake Van in Eastern Turkey was shown on several British television programmes in the early summer, and has also been posted on the Internet. Opinion seems to be divided as to whether it is any good or not, with most of the

people who have described it to us (not as yet having Internet access we have been unable to see it to date) describing it in generally unfavourable terms although at least one member of the A&M posse has been quite enthusiastic about the footage. In order to spare anyone's blushes and to avoid starting arguments we will not mention names. All we can say is 'watch this space'!

LIZZY LIVES?

The creature reported in Loch Lochy, which for some reason has been nicknamed 'Lizzy' has apparently been 'seen' on sonar by an expedition involving our old friends Gary Cambell and Richard Carter. At present we have no further information save that told us in an excited late night telephone call from Mark Fraser of 'Haunted Scotland' Magazine. We will have a full report as soon as we can get hold of further details.

NESS IS MORE

A story in 'The Sun' (Saturday, July 19th 1997) claims that Stephen Spielberg has teamed up with Scottish UFO and strange phenomena researcher Malcolm Robinson to search for the elusive Loch Ness Monster. It goes into great detail about the way that they intend to capture the beast. Confusingly, however, the clipping was sent to us by Robinson himself, together with a press release which claims that

"...being 'The Sun' they have, of course, embellished the story somewhat and given it 'arms and legs'. Let me explain.

It was the Scottish Sun that phoned me and asked me what I would do if I had a million pounds in which (sic) to prove the existence of the Loch Ness Monster? I told The Sun, that funnily enough, I'd had an idea in my head for a few years on this very issue, and that I had plans of a ca e in which I felt could be in the capture of 'Nessie' (sic). The Chap from the Sun asked to see my drawings, and I sent them off to the Sun AND NOT DIRECTLY TO STEPHEN SPIELBURG AS THE SUN WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE.

I also never said "Give me 10% of the takings of The Lost World" and I'll give you 'Nessie' on a platter". And I also never said "With Spielberg's money he could afford to drain the Loch. Typical 'added on journalism'".

I sympathise with Malcolm because I know, too my cost, that journalists and solicitors will misquote anything you say, USUALLY to your cost...

OARFISH ANOMALIES

The Daily Mail of May 26 1997 reported that a film crew working for BBC Wildlife magazine had for the first time photographed a living oarfish in its natural environment and were astounded to discover that it swims vertically stabilised by its fins, instead of horizontally as had always been supposed. This essentially deals somewhat of a death blow to people who have theorised that these remarkable fish (actually related to the herring family) could be responsible for some sightings of the 'Great Sea Serpent'. Channel Four also showed amateur video footage of a living oarfish in its death throws as part of its series 'The Deep' in July of this year. It is ironic, that like the Giant Squid, an animal which is so well known can be both so elusive and have practically nothing known about its biology or behaviour.



A rogue tiger has been attacking children in western Nepal. As of the end of January thirty five children had been killed, and therefore, although the species is rigorously protected, a Royal permit has been issued to allow the animal to be shot. Whether or not it has been we do not know. *Aberdeen Press and Journal 24.1.97*

NEW AND
REDISCOVERED

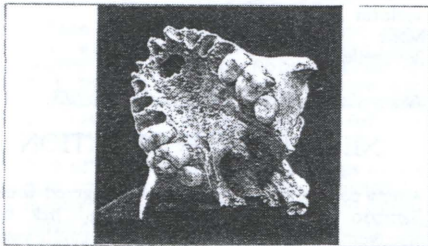
EXCLUSIVE.... Karl

Shuker tells me that the long lost skin of the so-called 'Beast of La Gevaudan' which has been lost for something like three hundred years has been rediscovered in the vaults of the French Natural History Museum. It is that of a Hyena, although at present we have no idea what species it is.

Ironically the day before he told me this I had mailed my article on zooform cats to 'Enigmas' magazine which mentioned this well known case. In it I theorised that it was zooform in nature. I stick by this assertion because although there is now no doubt that a hyena did roam southern France in the 18th Century, it seems unlikely that all the predations attributed to the beast could be laid at the door of one hyena, no matter how savage!.

WHY DID THE MONKEY FALL
OUT OF THE TREE? BECAUSE IT
WAS
DEAD!

Ross MacPhee of the American Museum of Natural History, and Donald McFarlane of Claremont McKenna College found the partial cranium of a Jamaican monkey, named *Xenothrix mcgregori*, which has the dubious distinction of being the only species of New World Primate to have become extinct since the arrival of European explorers. *Geographica April 1997*



PICTURE COURTESY COPYRIGHT
LIBERATION FRONT

EMERGENT AMPHIBIANS

The Times, June 5th 1997, told the story of an intrepid amateur explorer called Martin Pickersgill who has spent a whopping £320,000 on a 10,000 mile trek across Africa from Cape Town to The Sahara, discovering four new species of reed frog on the way.

In 1983, he made a similar discovery in Natal and, in what I have always thought to be a breach of a priori scientific ethics, named it after himself. The *Cryptozoology Review* Summer 1997.

NEW FOX

A distinct race of the North American Mountain Fox, *Vulpes vulpes macroura* has been discovered in the Beartooth Plateau of Montana. It is thought that this population has remained isolated and distinct since the Ice Age. *National Geographic* April 1997.

REDISCOVERED TORTOISES

Despite the scepticism shown in many quarters as to whether these animals were in fact ever of a distinct species, the Nature Protection Trust of the Seychelles (NP TS) has announced that genetic tests have proved that a single pair of one Seychelles species of Giant Tortoise, and four pairs of another have been rediscovered and that a breeding programme is underway. For more details write to:

The Nature Protection Trust of the Seychelles
PO Box 207
Victoria
Mahe
Seychelles

Africa-Environment and Wildlife Vol 5 (#3)

NEW LEMUR POPULATION

A new population of the highly endangered Greater Bamboo Lemur (*Haplorhina simus*) has been discovered in rain forest in south-eastern Madagascar.

This is important as it means that the genetic

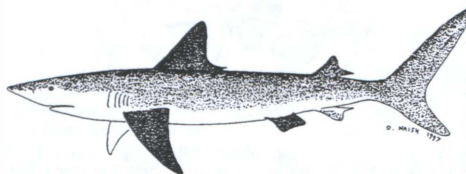
diversity of specimens in captive breeding programmes can be maintained. *Africa-Environment and Wildlife* Vol 5 (#3)

REDISCOVERY OF THE BORNEO RIVER SHARK

The Glyphids or River Sharks are a very specialised and little known group of fish of which only two have even been given scientific names.

One further species, (presently known only as *Glyphis Species B*) until recently known from one specimen taken from an unknown location in Borneo a century ago was rediscovered by a IUCN investigative team.

The *Cryptozoology Review* has speculated that two other species, one from Australia and one from New Zealand may also be awaiting formal discovery. Known as *Glyphis species B* and *C* they are also known from two and seven specimens respectively.

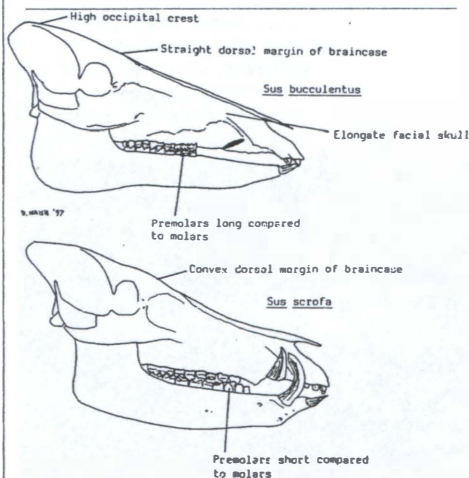


Picture by Darren Naish

I'M A HOG FOR YOU BABY

In what has been a momentous period for the rediscovery of animals feared extinct, a wild pig, *Sus bucculentis* has been discovered in the Annamite mountains on the borders of Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia. It was first reported in 1892 from two skulls, one of which has since been lost, a partial skull was discovered recently by a team from the Australian National University headed by Dr Colin P. Groves. This proves that this

species is, contrary to expectations, alive and well.
The Cryptozoology Review Summer 1997



Picture by Daren Naish

OTHER STORIES



**FOURTEEN MINUTES LATE
 ...BADGER ATE THE JUNCTION
 BOX AT NEW MALDEN**

Privatisation seems to have made no difference to

what used to be British Rail. Although, I am reliably informed that the sandwiches now taste a little better than they did, (which under the circumstances isn't saying very much), but the excuses for shoddy service still keep on coming. as *The Daily Mail* 6.3.97 said:

"They've been delayed by leaves on the line, tracks buckled by heat, and even the wrong kind of snow. Now commuters face a new threat to punctuality"...

This new threat, it seems comes from the humble rabbit which has increased its population so much over the past few years that in several areas throughout Railtrack's 10,000 mile system the burgeoning systems of underground rabbit warrens are causing a serious threat of subsidence.

One is reminded of the (possibly apocryphal) story about the Duke of Wellington who when visiting the then new Crystal Palace was told of the problems caused by sparrows within the vast building. He suggested "Hawks, m'dear fellow"...

This remedy was, or so the story goes, speedily put into action. My version of that is Polecats!

There has long been a move to introduce these delightful little carnivores into the places where a hundred years or so ago, they were relatively common. Indeed a large portion of my book *"The Smaller Mystery Carnivores of the Westcountry"* concerns this very subject.

Surely the powers that be who control Railtrack (or whatever it's called this week) would not flinch from investing a few quid into a project which would not only solve their problem but would enrich this country's depleted wildlife.

How much do you want to bet that they won't do anything of the sort?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Being in a surprisingly good mood despite a succession of disasters which have befallen me over the past few days I have decided to give away another prize in an utterly pointless 'phone in quiz. (Has anyone noticed that they are a thing that I really rather like?)

The question this time concerns the headline to the above piece. The question is Who, why, where, when, and to whom?



Spiderman is having me for dinner tonight...

We were sent this picture (which again appears courtesy of 'The Copyright Liberation Front' by our Tyneside correspondent who saw it in a magazine about lifeboats. Unfortunately, it seems more likely that the spider landed on the lens of the camera taking the picture, rather than belonging to a hitherto unsuspected race of giant spiders like those in the classic 'Tintin and the Shooting Star' by Herge.

Herge (real name Georges Remi) was probably the best known European comic book artist of all time, but a little known fact is that for several of his books, including *Tintin in Tibet* and the two parter about the exploration of the moon, he employed as scientific consultant none other than Bernard Heuvelmans.

It is no wonder that Herge's depiction of the yeti in the aforementioned book was probably the most sympathetic yet within any comic book!

Newsfile Credits

The Cryptic Clipper of Mannic Productions, Simon Elsdon, Tom Anderson, Sally Parsons, COUDi, Ben Roesch, Darren Naish, Mark North, Jan Williams, Nick Smith, Chris Moiser and probably many more...

**PLEASE CONTINUE SENDING
US YOUR CLIPPINGS AND
PHOTOCOPIES BUT PLEASE
REMEMBER TO MARK THEM
WITH THE DATE AND SOURCE!**

OBITUARY: JACQUES COUSTEAU 1910-1997

By Richard Freeman

Few of us fulfil but a handful of our dreams. Most lives are wasted in a mundane world that crushes souls and tramples aspirations. Jacques Cousteau was one of the few who broke his leaden chains and lived his life as life SHOULD be. He swam with whales and sharks, danced with manta rays and befriended dugongs.

His love affair with the sea began whilst he was on sick leave from The French Resistance during World War Two. He convalesced by snorkel diving on the French Riviera and thus, his life-long adventure began.

He invented the Aqualung and revolutionised undersea exploration. Shortly afterwards, he produced the film 'Silent World', together with noted Film Director Louis Malle. The film won the Golden Palm Award at the 1956 Cannes Film Festival, and Cousteau soon became a household name. He followed this with four decades of groundbreaking film and exploration from his converted minesweeper 'The Calypso'. He did things that lesser naturalists only dream of. He saw killer whales preying on hammerhead sharks, glimpsed giant squid and not only patted saltwater crocodiles, but lived to tell the tale!

An outspoken conservationist, he warned of the dangers of pollution and whaling long before the Green Movement became popular; and more recently he attacked Jacques Chirac over his South Pacific 'Fireworks' [the French nuclear bomb tests at Maurorora Atoll].

His son called him "France's Greatest Ambassador". I would call him one of Mankind's Greatest Ambassadors to the Natural World!

Jacques seemed like an old friend to many of us who knew him only through the medium of his spellbinding works. He reached a ripe old age and lived his exciting life to the fullest that any man could possibly do. So, it is with only a tinge of sadness that we say a fond farewell to the inimitable Jacques Cousteau.

IN SEARCH OF GAMBO

by

"Mungo Park"

EDITOR'S NOTE: As will be apparent from the contents of this article, this is a pseudonym for a member of what we, only half jokingly, refer to as the 'military wing of the Centre for Fortean Zoology' - the people who actually DO boldly go where no other cryptofolk have gone before. So those of you expecting an article by a long dead Scottish explorer will be sadly disappointed.

I suppose that I am a closet cryptozoologist.

My day-time job requires a modest public profile, and is very susceptible to market trends. So it's jacket and tie, respect the free thinkers, and don't upset the PCP (Political Correctness Police - Not Phenecyclidine!), and keep your fingers crossed come redundancy time. Even my copy of *Animals & Men* comes in a plain brown wrapper.

A week in the Gambia with work was too good an opportunity to miss though. I had actually seen the original letter from Owen Burnham in *BBC Wildlife* back in the '80s, describing the mystery beast (Gambo) found on the sand near the Bungalow Beach Hotel. I was also aware that there had been some recent interest in the animal from the Centre for Fortean Zoology. Partly as a result of this, I had even seen a 'treasure map' that allegedly showed where the beast was buried. Although I planned to make a few late night excavations, the week dragged on; our primary work objectives on the trip were met quickly and relatively efficiently. Several time-consuming minor problems occurred though, which kept me from my late night exploring and digging.

I suppose that our delays were those that always occur in the Africa of the '90s; which when clouded with the efforts of the new government keen to eradicate corruption (not unknown to the old Government), and problems with a deteriorating exchange rate, kept us bogged down with trivia. Perhaps I was just degenerating into local speed. (G.M.T in fact stands for 'Gambia Maybe Time!'),

anyway, I was at a semi-formal dinner on the last night without having had much of a chance to do anything about the conundrum buried up the road. My frustration was getting too much, in 24 hours I would be back in Europe, so I made the typical European-in-Africa excuse, (hand on tummy "must have had too much sun...") and left early. Bruce (name changed to protect the guilty), another closet crypto with our group, muttered something about "seeing if the boss is alright", and "having some Immodium back at our hotel", and followed me out.

It had been a hot day, even on local standards, which means above 100° F. and although the evening was cooler, it was still warmer than was going to be comfortable, even for a semi-acclimatised European. We walked outside the hotel, and I acquired a stainless steel butter dish in the process. I think that Bruce made a mental note to look up my anti-malarials to see if kleptomania was a listed side effect. "To dig with," I explained. He nodded. "We'll bring it back later, OK...?"

Thankfully the beach bums (local scroungers and professional "friends"), polite, but a persistent nuisance had dispersed after dark, (they are predominantly a rather diurnal species). I was able to get hold of a taxi fairly easily, and without attracting any attention. Although a walk down the road to the site of "Gambo's" burial was, in theory possible, it was still a bit too hot. In addition, although we would be safe from local villains (probably safer than in the UK), African roads are unlit at night, as are roadworks. My superiors at work would not have been happy with me if I'd been involved in a traffic accident, or disappeared down one of the many holes in the road.

The problem with Gambian taxis is that you normally book one from your hotel; he takes you out, waits for you, and brings you back when you are ready. The rates are cheap; the locals need the work - and, most importantly, there are often no telephones where the visitors go, and even if there were, the taxi operators usually have no telephone themselves! Clearly what we didn't need on this occasion, however, was the assistance of a taxi driver, nor did I want him as a potential witness.

Although the country was very peaceful, they had held elections only a few months before. The result was that the military government handed over to a civilian one. As this was a civilian government headed by the recently retired military leader there

had been a few minor objections including an attack on a police station. I was about to dig a hole in one of the best tourist beaches in the country within thirty metres of a tourist police station, so we decided that witnesses would not be a good idea. The taxi driver, ever so keen to help, and boost his takings, offered to waive his waiting fee, so I lied through my teeth: We were on holiday, there were lots of Dutch girls staying at Bungalow Beach, hopefully we wouldn't be going back to our hotel that night. It worked, or a generous tip did, and he was gone.

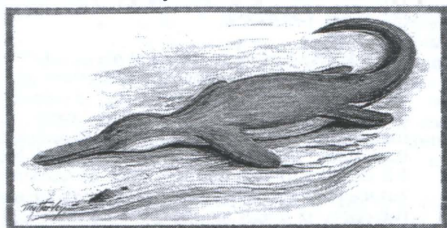
A quick walk through the Bungalow Beach Hotel revealed that the back gate was closed, and the Dutch girls were either in bed or out! We re-traced our steps, left the hotel by the main entrance and circled the walled gardens to come back onto the beach. Since Owen Burnham's early monster grave digging exercise (if you'll pardon the pun), there have been a lot of additions to that beach. In particular, there have been some neat little beach bars and restaurants - and the tourist police station. Fortunately nothing appeared to have been built on the area where Owen had buried "Gambo", some were mighty close though! The police station was, thank god, only manned during daylight hours, and was now closed. The beach was almost deserted but we would be attracting attention fairly quickly. It was to be one pilot hole only, and then home if we wanted not to be caught.

I don't think that there was any offence that we were committing under Gambian law, but I was a little worried about the explanation for digging the hole and questions about our mental health that the truth would obviously raise.

From the plan I had seen, the possible area for excavation would involve a rectangle - say 5 metres wide by 10 metres long. We guessed at a place well inside this area, but in some shadow, and started digging. Stainless steel butter dishes are quite good excavation tools, they penetrate the sand well, and shift a reasonable quantity with each "dishful". It was hot digging, but we alternated, one digging and one keeping watch, and we were soon down to two feet. Further depth would be difficult: we were working at maximum reach and the hole had become too narrow to permit either of us getting into it to dig deeper.

So we stopped there. We hadn't found anything except one small pebble and a bit of palm root, but

at the same time we hadn't proved that there wasn't anything there. Certainly the sand would seem to be deep enough. The possibility of a second hole somehow didn't seem right. It was still very warm and we thought that there was a couple coming up the beach so we just left the scene, back along the beach and into the Kombo Beach Hotel a little further down. A quick drink at the bar and a trip to the loo to wash off some traces of sand, and then back to our hotel by taxi.



Reconstruction of "Gambo" by wildlife artist Tim Harvey

When we got back to our hotel, the dinner party set had returned from the restaurant, and more by chance than anything else we met the rest of the group in the night club bar. There was a nice degree of relaxation there, a mixture of relief, the trip was over without any major disasters, the guests were gone and the local beer had been flowing for most of the evening. Bruce and I relaxed: the chances of us assisting the local constabulary with their enquiries was now virtually nil!

As ever then, just when you relax, you are found out! Two of the younger girls of our group both insisted that Bruce and I needed to dance; resistance was futile, and I suppose that the beat of the African pop was a bit hypnotic too. The problem was that we were both carrying a lot of sand in our clothes, and the faster the music got, the more we were losing onto the dance floor.

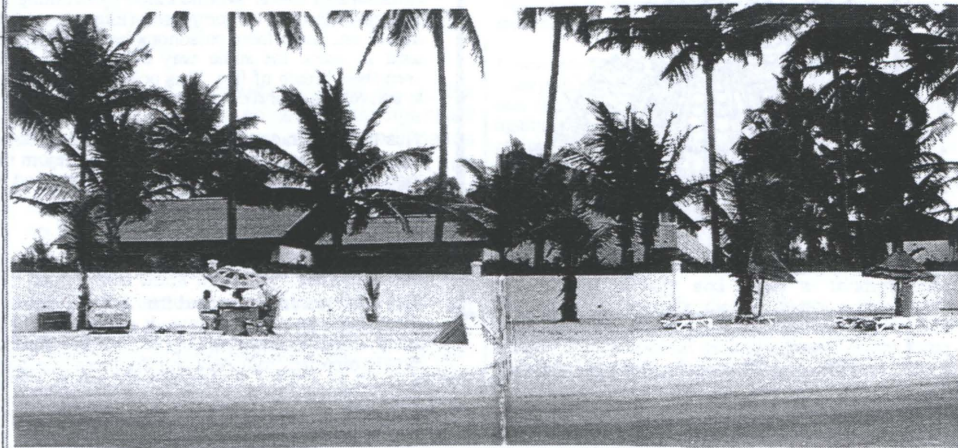
Our problem became apparent to at least one of the girls, who sidled across to me knowingly. *"I know what you've been doing"* she said. *"You snook down to the beach and built a sandcastle. I've seen you looking longingly at the beach all week"*. I nodded meekly. *"Africa brings out the schoolboy in everybody."*

Ideally the story finishes there, but in fact it doesn't. The following morning the one member of the group who didn't have a late night took a long pre-breakfast walk along the beach.

When he got near to the Bungalow Beach Hotel he noticed something of a crowd near the police station. Polite interest revealed that they were all looking at a hole about twelve to eighteen inches across and vaguely circular.

In this part of the world, circular holes in the beach tend to be made by fiddler crabs which generally fit the hole! If the crabs were starting to grow to this size then strange things must be happening!

I just hope that I don't read anything in the next year about giant Gambian Fiddler Crabs!



The Dragons of Yorkshire

by Richard Freeman

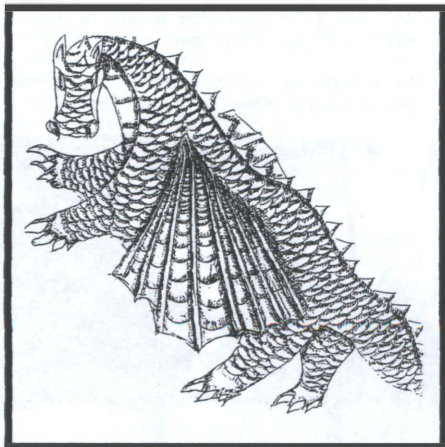
INTRODUCTION

Of all legendary monsters, the dragon is both the most widespread and the most ancient. They flap and slither through almost every culture from the Mas D'A Zil Mesolithic cultures of twelve thousand years ago to contemporary tales of winged serpents in Africa.

Several species of dragon are spoken of, so before we delve into what may be behind the legends, it may be as well to examine these different draconian types...

1. The Heraldic or 'true' Dragon.

Also known as the 'Fire Drake', this was the most powerful of all dragons. A huge quadrupedal reptile, it had huge, bat-like wings. The heraldic dragon was armed with savage teeth and claws and had a mighty tail. Its most formidable weapon, however, was undoubtedly, the white-hot gusts of flame, it could spit at its victims.



Dragon illustration by Lisa Allegri

EDITORIAL NOTE: For more details on flying dragons, and historical accounts of Fire Drakes, see the article by Dr. Karl Shuker in the 1996 Yearbook.

Heraldic dragons were the most magical of beasts. They had many powers attributed to them including shape/form changing, self healing, invisibility and mind-reading. These dragons were almost impossible to kill, being covered with scales harder than steel. They like 'Smaug' in *The Hobbit*, by J.R.R. Tolkien had one tiny spot of vulnerability, but the location of this 'spot' was never the same in two different dragons.

2. The Wyvern.

A very similar beast to the creature described above, but with only one pair of legs. It is also usually depicted as being somewhat smaller than the gigantic heraldic dragons. The Wyvern bore a deadly barbed sting in its tail, and was believed to spread pestilence and disease in its wake.

3. The Guivre or Worm.

This is the commonest celtic dragon. The worm was a vast limbless serpent. It inhabited vast lakes, marshes and rivers. Worms killed by crushing their victims in their enveloping coils (like a constricting snake) and with their poisonous breath which they used in much the same way as the other species used their breath of fire. This poison had the ability to shrivel crops and choke both man and beast.

This type of dragon (as typified in its most famous example - 'The Lambton Worm') could rejoin itself together after having been hacked in two and was thus extremely difficult to kill.

4. The Lindorm or Blind Worm.

This odd creature resembled the Guivre, except for possessing a pair of hind legs. It seems not to be as much linked to water as the preceding type and is mostly reported from Asia and Southern Europe.

5. The Amphiptere.

This was a limbless winged serpent generally reported from the Middle East and North Africa. Amphipteres are still reported today in the South East African country of Namibia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: See Richard Muirhead's article in the 1996 CFZ Yearbook, and excerpts from Karl Shuker's writings in the same volume.

The Mexican God Quetzacoatl was a giant Amphiptere, with feathers instead of scales.

6. The Eastern Dragons.

Unlike their occidental counterparts, oriental dragons were portrayed as being beneficial in nature. They controlled the weather, the seas and the rivers. Interestingly, at different stages of their development, they seemed to resemble one or other of the standard western types of dragon.

Oriental Dragon eggs took a thousand years to hatch, and the young dragons resembled snakes. After five hundred years, they resembled giant snakes with the heads of carp. Five hundred more years and they developed a bearded reptilian head and four legs. A further five hundred years brought horns, and the final stage, after yet another five centuries, brought forth wings, with the final result looking like an ornate, but skinny analogue of the western Fire Drake.

Many scholars have argued about what lies at the root of this most universal of legends.

Fossilised dinosaur bones have been hypothesised as the remains of dragons in many areas. In China they are still known as 'Dragons Bones' and are prized in powdered form within various types of folk medicine. Dragon legends, do, however, occur in places where no fossil bones have ever been found, and moreover, some legends speak specifically in terms of live dragons and their interactions with mankind, rather than just in terms of a pile of petrified bones. It is time to cover these

skeletons with some flesh!

LIVING DRAGONS

Some species of living reptile can achieve an immense size. Crocodiles are the largest and most dangerous of these.

Crocodylus porosus, the Indo-Pacific crocodile is an awesome beast. The largest specimen measured by an expert was twenty-eight feet in length, but larger individuals almost certainly exist. James Montgomery, a rubber tapper in northern Borneo saw a specimen measuring over thirty three feet in length on the Sagama River during the 1950s.

The local Selukun people believed it to be 'The Father of the Devil' and threw silver coins into the river to appease it. This provides an irresistible parallel to the hordes of treasure said to be guarded by so many European dragons. Today the Ibad people of Sarawak venerate 'Bujang-Senang' - the 'King of the Crocodiles' - a twenty five foot specimen who haunts the Lumpar River and is a known man eater.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For more on this species of crocodile and its relevance to contemporary cryptozoology see Darren Naish's article in the 1997 CFZ Yearbook.

The Nile Crocodile, (*Crocodylus niloticus*), is worshipped by many tribes throughout Africa. It grows to over twenty one feet in length, but reports from Central Africa's Congo rainforests suggest it may rival its Indopacific cousin in size.

Between them, these two species account for more human deaths than any other vertebrate, with the exception of man himself. They will also kill lion, buffalo, giraffe and even sharks!

Giant constricting snakes make good prototype 'worms'. *Python reticulatus* - the Reticulated Python reaches thirty three feet in length and can take prey as large as a leopard.

The Anaconda (*Eunectes murinus*), is not as long, reaching a maximum recorded size of 23 feet, but is far more massive in girth and weight. It is amphibious in nature and extremely aggressive.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The supposed giant anacondas of the Amazon basin are amongst

the animals discussed by Mike Grayson in his article on 'The Fortean Fauna of Percy Fawcett' to be published in the 1998 CFZ Yearbook.

The world's largest lizard is the Komodo Dragon (*Varanus komodensis*). Discovered in 1912 on a handful of tiny Indonesian islands it can reach twelve feet in length. This giant monitor lizard has serrated teeth containing a virulent bacteria that causes wounds inflicted by the fangs to rot and fester. If an animal survives the initial bite its wounds will seep and stink - the smell leading the giant lizard to it. Chinese pottery, hundreds of years old, has been unearthed on Komodo Island suggesting that the ancient Chinese may well have been familiar with this gigantic reptile.

However, in Australia, an even bigger monitor lizard existed until the end of the Pleistocene epoch. *Megalania prisca* grew to over thirty feet in length and was the continent's supreme terrestrial predator. Reports suggest that this terrifying creature may still stalk the wilder parts of the continent.



Reconstruction of *Megalania prisca* by Lisa Allegri after Rex Gilroy

From the 1830s onwards white men have been reporting what the native Australians have been reporting since times immemorial. Most of these sightings emanate from New South Wales. The

most important was made by a professional herpetologist called Frank Gordon in 1979. Gordon, who had been conducting field work, returned to his land-rover. On starting his engine he was astonished to see a nearby 'log' rear up and lumber away. The 'log' was a thirty foot lizard!

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his book 'Mysterious Australia', Rex Gilroy presents a number of pieces of anecdotal evidence for the continued survival of these giant lizards and also presents evidence that ancient Chinese navigators may have reached the island continent hundreds of years before it was 'discovered' by European explorers. This could also provide a hypothetical source for Chinese 'dragon-lore'.

Explorer John Blashford-Snell did some important work in Papua-New Guinea concerning a mythical animal called the *Atrellia*, which he hypothesised as being a giant form of Salvadori's Monitor (*V. salvadori*) which can grow to a greater length (although a smaller bulk) than the Komodo Dragon. A summary of his findings can be found in Animals & Men #3.

Victorian author, Charles Gould, postulated a similar reptile inhabiting central Asia. Gould's hypothetical 'dragon' had ribbed 'wings' like the south east Asian Flying Lizard (*Draco volans*), and a constricting tail.

The problem with all the above animals is that they live only in the tropics. Dragon legends are universal and thousands of them come from temperate or even sub arctic areas!

In 1979, Peter Dickinson offered a unique theory in his book 'The Flight of Dragons'. Dickinson's idea was that dragons evolved from large carnivorous dinosaurs like *Tyrannosaurus rex*. They developed large, expanded stomachs filled with hydrogen gas.

The hydrogen evolved from a mixture of hydrochloric acid in the digestive juices mixed with the calcium found in the bones of their prey.

This lighter than air gas allowed them to fly.

They controlled their flight by burning off excess gas as flames.

Other ideas are even more esoteric. Many people have commented on the parallels between modern 'alien abduction cases' and the folk-legends of people kidnapped by elves and taken to Fairyland. Both have elements of missing time and memory. Both feature 'implants' - high tech probes on the part of the aliens, and magic silver pins inserted by mischevious elves. They seem to be the same phenomenon, adapting to, or filtered through the collective sub-conscious fears of mankind. What were once elves and pixies are now bug-eyed aliens. Could this not be the same for dragons?

EDITOR'S NOTE: For a further exploration of these concepts see my book 'The Owlman and Others' (1997) and also my 1995 paper for 'Promises and Disappointments' #2.

There seems to be some analogue between UFOs and dragons. Both are often seen near water and both seem to be cross cultural. They both seem powerful and 'above' mankind. UFOs outpace places and seem to defy all attempts to capture them (Roswell shenanigans excluded!) Early dragon legends portray them as beasts of god-like power and universal consequence.

EDITOR'S NOTE: See Richard Muirhead's paper 'The Flying Snake of Namibia' in the CFZ Yearbook 1996, for more UFO/Flying Snake parallels.

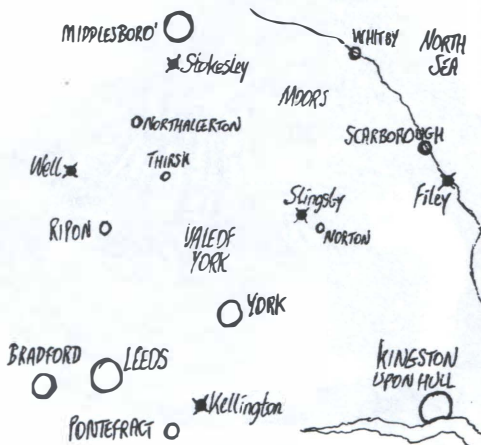
It was only later that the tales of more mortal dragons and dragon slayers emerged. These can be interpreted as allegorical tales signifying Christianity's triumph over Paganism. (Can anyone really believe that a puny knight on his figurative mouse of a horse, being able to triumph over a mighty reptilian dragon?)

YORKSHIRE DRAGON LEGENDS

Theorising aside, let us now consider the visitations of a draconian nature upon the fair country of Yorkshire.

The Dragon of Wantley.

This was a 'true' winged, fire-breathing dragon. It terrorised the country surrounding Wantley, killing



Yorkshire - showing places mentioned in text

livestock and people, and burning crops and buildings. The populace enlisted the help of a huge and grim knight known as More of More Hall.

For payment, More insisted, that prior to the battle, he be anointed by a fair-skinned, black-haired maid of sixteen. (He had impeccable taste in women!)

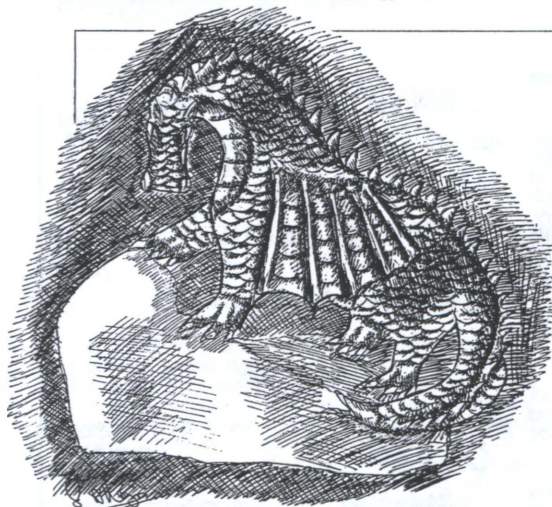
EDITOR'S NOTE: Hmmm... I prefer twenty-eight year old blondes m'self!

More, had fashioned himself a suit of armour studded with spikes six inches long. He then hid in a well to ambush the dragon when it came down to drink.

The fight lasted for two days and a night, with neither opponent being able to pierce the other's armour. The dragon seized More, intent on hurling him into the air like a rag-doll, when More saw the beast's vulnerable spot and delivered a fatal kick with a spiked boot. Unromantically the one vulnerable and unarmoured place turned out to be the dragon's anus!

The legend was recorded in a lighthearted ballad dating from 1699.

Some say that the whole tale is a satire based on a



Dragon Illustration by Lisa Allegri

a lawsuit over tithes in the reign of James I. The dragon being Sir Francis Wortley, who held the disputed tithes, and More being the attorney who set a lawsuit against him on the behalf of nearby gentry. The spiked armour being a document full of names and seals of men pledged to oppose Wortley.

However, several motifs in the tale, such as the spiked armour, the well, and the (almost) invulnerable dragon argue that the 1699 poem was adapted from a far more ancient legend. Wantley, it seems, may once have had a very real dragon.

The Dragon of Filey.

The hero of this tale is not a knight, a wizard or a lord, but a 'hen-pecked', meek, little taylor named Billy Biter. Whilst walking along the cliffs one misty morning he tumbled into a ravine, that again turned out to be the lair of a 'true' heraldic-type dragon.

The dragon was about to devour him when Billy offered him the parkin (a Yorkshire delicacy somewhat akin to a cross between a treacle tart and a gingerbread man), that he had been carrying. The dragon enjoyed this piece of gooey confectionary so much that he demanded more and turned Billy loose.

Running home, he told his wife who insisted on

making parkin for the dragon. As well as being domineering she was also a dreadful cook and produced the biggest and stickiest parkin in the history of Yorkshire. Billy rolled the parkin into the dragon's lair, and when the beast began to eat it, it's jaws became stuck fast. The dragon flew into the sea to wash the parkin away but was overcome by the icy waves. Its bones turned to stone and became Filey Brigg, a mile long projection of rocks that juts out to sea.

A parkin makes a nice change as a death dealing weapon from lances and swords!

This odd tale has a dramatic modern-day sequel... but more of that later.

The Worm of Loschy Mill/Slingsby/Kellington.

A confusing one this. All three tales are almost exactly the same and quite possibly have evolved from one 'root' legend. Loschy Mill. in the parish of Stonegrave was the lair of a great worm with poisonous breath. The serpent could re-join severed segments of itself and had venomous blood.

Sir Peter Loschy, a local knight, fought the worm whilst wearing razor studded armour, and brandishing a huge sword. He was aided by his faithful dog (whose name history does not recall). The hound would grab segments of the worm whenever his master lopped one off, and ran to the neighbouring village of Nunnington. In this way the worm could not rejoin with its severed segments and was eventually killed.

However, when the knight congratulated his hound, it licked its master's hand and both master and dog died from the worm's deadly blood.

In the Slingsby version it is Sir William Wyville, and his dog who kill the worm and succumb to its blood. At Kellington, however, it is a humble shepherd and sheepdog who both perform the deed and pay for it with their lives.

The Sexhow Worm.

On a hill in this village, a worm took up residence

SEA DRAGONS

and demanded tribute of the milk of nine cows every day. Its venomous breath killed all those who opposed it until an anonymous knight rode into Sexhow. After a savage fight he slew the worm and went on his way asking for no reward. The villagers skinned the giant snake and displayed the hide at nearby Stokesley Church where it remained for many years. Unfortunately for cryptozoologists everywhere the skin has long since vanished.

The Handale Worm.

This beast is a bit of a hybrid. It was said to have a crested head and to breathe fire like a dragon, to have a sting like a wyvern, but to be a 'serpent' (like a worm, presumably). It haunted the woods near to Handle Priory, devouring young women. Eventually a brave peasant youth named Scaw fought the worm armed only with a sword. After a savage struggle he slew the serpent and found an Earl's daughter in its cave. Scaw married her and acquired vast estates.

The wood where the worm once lurked is now called Scaw Wood, and a stone coffin in the ruins of the priory is said to be Scaw's.

The Dragon of Well.

This 'true' dragon's reign of terror was brought to an end by a young knight named Latimer. He concealed himself in a spiked barrel, and when the dragon attempted to bite into it it succeeded only in wounding itself. Once it was sufficiently wounded, he emerged and finished the horror off. From then on a dragon appeared on the armourial bearings of the Latimer family.

The Bilsdale Dragon.

This creature is known only from the scantiest of rumours. A tumulus or barrow known as "Drake's Hill" is reputed to contain treasures guarded by a dragon (which is presumably still in residence).

Sightings of land dragons are rare today (although they persist in parts of Asia and Africa, such as the flying snakes reported from Namibia).

EDITOR'S NOTE: See the articles by Richard Multhead and Dr Karl Shuker in the 1996 CFZ Yearbook.

Dragonlike creatures are, however, still seen around the coast of Britain and some have even visited Yorkshire.

The first and most dramatic encounter took place on the 28th February 1934 on Filey Brig. (Porteans will note the "coincidence"). Fishermen had been reporting seeing a strange creature between Scarborough and Flamborough Head albeit from a distance of about three miles. On the dark, moonless night of the 28th, Coastguard Wilkinson Herbert was wandering along the Brig when in his own words:

"Suddenly I heard a growling like a dozen dogs ahead. Walking nearer I switched on my torch, and was confronted by a huge neck, six yards ahead of me, rearing up three feet high!

The head was a startling sight, - huge tortoise eyes glaring at me like saucers. The creature's mouth would be a foot wide and the creature's neck would be a yard around.

The monster was as startled as I was. Shining my torch along the ground I saw a body about thirty feet long. I thought 'this is no place for me', and from a distance I threw stones at the creature. It moved away growling fiercely, and I saw that the huge black body had two humps on it, and four short legs with huge flippers on them. I could not see any tail. It moved quickly, rolling from side to side, and went into the sea. It was the most gruesome and thrilling experience. I have seen big animals abroad but nothing like this!"

Mr Herbert's report remains one of the most spectacular on record anywhere in the world.

In 1938, Mrs Joan Borgeest saw a sea dragon off Eastington in North Yorkshire.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a particularly interesting lexilink, because BARGUEST, also spelt BARGHEST, BARGHAIST, BARGEST and BARN-GHAIST are names for the spectral black dogs often seen in parts of Yorkshire.

Whilst looking out to sea from the beach she suddenly saw...

"A huge creature rise; it was a green colour, with a flat head, protruding eyes, and a long, flat mouth which opened and shut as it breathed. It was a great length and moved along with a humped glide".

The beast was only ninety metres away and dived when she called to some other people. Mrs Borgeest was teased by 'freinds' and kept quiet about her story until 1961 when the BBC broadcast a radio programme about sea monsters.

In August 1945, Mr B.M.Baylis of Spilsby, and some friends of his, saw a monster.

"We were sitting on the edge of low mud cliffs at Hilsion between Hornsea and Withernsea. There we saw a creature with a head and four or five rounded humps each leaving a wake.

It was moving rapidly, but quite silently along the shore, north westwards in the face of a northerly wind. Nobody at the time believed our report, but we are convinced that we saw something".

CONCLUSION.

One could write volumes on what these things could be, but space will not allow such an endeavour here. I would say, however, that in my opinion the living dragons are giant warm blooded reptiles. Dragons still have a relentless grip on our collective minds, both conscious and unconscious, and so we should not really be too surprised when they raise their scaly heads from time to time, even in this day and age.

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THE CREDIBILITY GAP: MY SIGHTING OF THE 'BEAST OF BODMIN'

by Jonathan Downes

On the eighth of May 1997 I joined the ranks of those cryptozoologists that no-one will ever believe again because they have (more by accident than by design) seen one of the very creatures that they have dedicated their lives to searching for. It was about a quarter to eight in the evening, and I was driving along the narrow roadway between the village of Warleggan and the dual carriageway when I saw a creature cross the road about thirty feet in front of me.

I watched it for about four seconds before it disappeared and I realised that I had joined the privileged ranks of those fortunate enough to have seen 'The Beast of Bodmin'. Although I had seen what I believe to be a mystery cat about ten years ago in the New Forest, there is the world of difference between the vague felid shaped shadow which vanished after a few seconds into a hedgerow in the middle of the night and what I saw the other evening on Bodmin Moor. For a start, I can make a positive identification of it specieswise - it was a puma!

Although I didn't see its head, the creature I saw was about two and a half feet tall with strong, gracile legs and extremely large paws. It was about four feet long with a long curved tail, about two feet long behind it. The animal was a dark, muddy, chocolate-brown with lighter coloured underparts. The end of the tail was clubbed and either dark brown or black. The ground on which I saw it was dry and it left no footprints, nor were any hair samples left on the gorse bushes through which it walked.

My camera was in its bag on the back seat of my car, but I was too shocked to use it. Like Dinsdale, Sanderson and others, I am sure that without concrete evidence no-one will ever believe me.

But it happened. So there!

CHARLIE FORT AND THE VAMPIRE SHEEP SLAYER

by Terry Hooper

Even today, ninety odd years after the event, Charles Fort's account of the "sheep slaying mystery of Badminton" is still quoted and regurgitated ad nauseam. When, as a local historian, I began to look into mysteries from the west of England, I knew that I had to consult my 'Port' (The Books of Charles Fort, Henry Holt & Co., NY., 1941). On pages 645-646 I found the following:

"The sheep slaying mystery of Badminton; sheep were killed, and Sergeant Carter of the Gloucestershire Police said: 'I have seen two of the carcasses, myself, and can say definitely that it is impossible for it to be the work of a dog. Dogs are not vampires, and do not suck the blood of a sheep, and leave the flesh almost untouched...'

"November 25. (Bristol Mercury) It was claimed that the killer was a jackal that had escaped from a menagerie in Gloucester..."

In the Gloucester Journal, November 4th, in a long account of the depredations, there is no mention of the escape of any animal in Gloucester, nor anywhere else..."

Fort pointed out that the editor of the Gloucester Journal felt that there must be more than one beast at large. He mentions a large black dog shot at Hinton on December 16th but there had been no killings there since November 25th. Fort goes on to state that 1905-6 saw a large number of sheep killed by "unknown animals" across southern England before the killings stopped suddenly.

This case is near legendary in certain circles - the 'Vampire Killer' fascinated the curiosity of my late friend Franklyn Davin-Wilson. It was just the sort of thing that I was looking for, and so off went my letters to reference libraries in Bristol and Gloucestershire as well as to the Gloucestershire Constabulary.

By early January 1997, I had all the data that I needed. Firstly, however, I will quote the lengthy article referred to by Fort from the Gloucester Journal of Saturday, November 4th 1905:

"Gloucestershire sheep-slaying mystery. Armed farmers watch for a supposed jackal."

The inhabitants of the district around Badminton on the borders of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire may be pardoned if their nerves are somewhat shaken, says a correspondent of the 'Daily Mail'. Wild yells are heard at night, and the bloodless corpses of sheep are found in the morning, and both are attributed to the mysterious midnight marauder at present taking toll of farmer's flocks.

In the Badminton district alone there are six cases of sheep slaying attested by Sergeant Carter of the Gloucestershire Police. "I have seen two of the carcasses myself", said the sergeant, "and can say definitely that it is impossible for them to be the work of a dog. Dogs are not vampires and do not suck a sheep's blood and leave the flesh almost untouched". The prevailing opinion is that the animal is of the jackal type.

In the case of the ewe belonging to George Jones, a farmer, of Little Badminton, there was no blood left on the ground, though the animal's wound was a large one. It had been separated from the flock and driven to some trees.

Mr Hatherall of Oldbury, whose flock was also attacked, told the constable that he and his men had watched the flock for fifteen nights with guns. He had come to the conclusion that the same flock was never attacked twice. A light was now kept in the fields at night.

A constable named Locke said that he had heard the strange animal yelling outside his house more than

once. It was not a fox's cry but more of a scream. Mrs Locke, the constable's wife, a man named Sheswell, and four or five others have actually seen the beast. Their descriptions agree remarkably well, though they are personally unknown to each other.

The animal is considerably larger than a fox, of a mouse brown colour, with a very sharp mouth and a long, bushy tail. The description points very strongly to an animal of the jackal type which is assumed to have escaped from a travelling show.

On Tuesday the marauder was seen by a gentleman to enter a wood at Weston Birt, the estate of Major Holford, Esquerry to the King. It has been in the district about three weeks, and the total number of its victims is ten or a dozen.

Some theories.

Statement by the Duke of Beaufort.

Writing later, the correspondent says that an extraordinary explanation has been advanced, and one which is of vital interest to fox hunters. There can be no questioning the fact that an extensive trade is done in imported foxes to be used for hunting, and also to strengthen the local breed. Herein lies the danger, for of late there has been more than one case of havoc among sheep caused by animals supposed to have been let loose as fox cubs. The most noticeable example was the Sevenoaks Jackal, which killed dozens of sheep, and was at last shot after a great drive, in which 200 persons took part. When young it takes an expert to detect the difference between a fox and a jackal.

If the Badminton jackal, if jackal it be, is to be explained in this way it has to be made clear that the Duke of Beaufort's hunt has nothing to do with its presence. The Duke said to the 'Daily Mail' correspondent on Wednesday:

"We do not do that sort of thing in this part of the country. Besides, there are plenty of foxes."

A jackal, it must be explained, does an immense amount of harm to fox hunting indirectly, for farmers set traps for the marauder, and a number of foxes are destroyed unintentionally.

"I remember", said the Duke, "when the wolf was at large in the north, very many foxes were killed by those who were on the look out for it. However, we shall be hunting in that part of the country tomorrow where the jackal is supposed to be, and we may come across it".

If the jackal was originally turned loose as a fox cub, it must have travelled many miles to get to Badminton.

Mr Sheswell probably saw the alleged jackal as closely as anyone. He was in his orchard when it came trotting through. He set his dog on it, and the jackal was knocked over. It scrambled into a bush and escaped.

With reference to young jackals imported as fox cubs, the 'Gamekeeper' in a recent issue said that young wolves also masquerade as fox cubs. "Who", it asked, "ordering foxes thought that he would receive wolves and jackals? He would as soon have thought of receiving lions and tigers. Jackals are cunning to a degree never experienced even in the case of a fox. They refuse to look at bait, and by frequently shifting quarters elude the efforts made to hunt them down". These remarks of the 'Gamekeeper' apply with special force to the Badminton pest, which never returns to a kill, and covers many miles between each of its attacks on flocks.

An Unsuccessful Hunt.

The mysterious sheep-slayer is still at large, says the Badminton correspondent of the Birmingham Gazette and Express. Farmers, Gamekeepers, Huntsmen, Clergymen, Innkeepers and Farm Labourers, all about the borders of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, tell the same story of the raids upon sheep-folds, the strange yell, and the fighting of a strange animal a little larger than a fox, with a short tail, a mouse coloured coat, and a sharp nose.

The evidence of men in Badminton, Tetbury, Hawkesbury Upton, Didmarton, Little Badminton, Chipping Sodbury, and other places miles apart, tallies as to the description of the animal seen, and as to the nature of the night-cry, such as has never

been heard in all this countryside before.

A particularly interesting point is that the huntsmen have been out to try and find foxes in Hinnegar Woods, on the Duke of Beaufort's estate, and, although it is well known to be a famous haunt for foxes, they have not been able to find a fox there within the past few days. The theory is that this mysterious animal has scared the foxes out of their usual haunts.

The Vicar of Badminton described on Thursday the cry as he had heard it during the past few days. "It seems to me", said the Vicar, "like the cry of a vixen, such as we often hear in this fox hunting district, but with a hoarseness in it, and ending up with a long howl, such as we have never heard a vixen give."

Mrs Adcock, wife of one of the Duke of Beaufort's keepers, said:

"I heard it close by Bull Wood, not far from Didmarton village, and it was different from the cry of any animal I have ever heard. It was a cry strange enough, and uncanny enough, to frighten any nervous person".

The Duke of Beaufort hunted over a portion of the stricken county on Thursday in brilliant sunshine, and a particularly fine fox was killed near Avening, but it was not large enough, or particularly rough enough to be accused of the sheep killing. The Chipping Sodbury veterinary surgeon, Mr Goddington, has been asked to make a thorough professional examination of the next sheep found dead. There were no deaths of sheep on Thursday, as far as has been discovered, but some of the farmers are still burning lights in the fields by night, and looking for a shot at the animal by day.

And that is the account that Port is alleged to have based his references upon. The Daily Mail article could not be found, however, there was another item in the Dursley Gazette of the 18th November 1905:

"The Badminton Sheep Slayer Alleged Visits to Oxleworth and Dursley.

The 'Daily Mail' reports that the Badminton

'jackal' is at work again. On Sunday morning, one sheep was discovered at a local farm, killed in the characteristic fashion, the hind leg being gnawed through to the femoral artery, and the corpse left bloodless. Monday morning revealed three more victims, and on Thursday no fewer than eight sheep were found killed in the same mysterious manner.

On Monday night it was reported on good authority that a mysterious animal had paid an unwelcome visit to Oxleworth and caused serious damage to sheep belonging to a well known farmer.

On Thursday a Dursley gentleman told us that he had seen it that morning on Sinchcombe Hill!"

But along with the jackal theory there were others. Chief amongst these were those favourite old English scapegoats, the gypsies. The Bristol Weekly Mercury of the 25th November 1905, reported:

"A Burnham Mystery - Slaughter of Sheep"

This week a great slaughter of sheep belonging to various farmers at Berrow has taken place, the animals either being frightened to death or drowned in their attempt to escape from a dog (or dogs), and we are sorry to say that, so far, no success has rewarded the efforts to trace the owners of the animals who caused such serious mischief. How great this is may be gathered from the fact that 24 sheep were found dead, or have since died, and several more have to be added to the list before many days are over. The greatest sufferer is Mr Hill, for he has lost fourteen, and five more are in such a critical state that it is doubtful whether any of these will be saved. The loss to the owner is even greater than the figures suggest, for the whole of the victims were some very fine ewes in lamb. The other unfortunate farmers are Mr W.J. Frost, who has lost five, Mrs Hutchings, three and Mr Hawkins two. A theory that was at first suggested, that it was the work of a jackal which recently escaped from a menagerie at Gloucester, has had to be abandoned, as that animal sucks the blood of the sheep, whilst in this instance the majority of sheep had drowned themselves, or were so terribly torn and bitten about that they had to be put out of their misery. A possible explanation is that some gypsies with their dogs were encamped near the spot, but even if this were so, there is little hope of this being traced to

them now".

So, Fort was guilty of a misquote and ignoring the facts that even the reporters picked up on; these killings were wholly different and there is no doubt whatsoever that dogs were involved. The Western Daily Press of the same day briefly reported:

"Berrow. Much mischief has been done to the flock of Mr H.G.Hill and other breeders by stray dogs who have mangled by night a great number of sheep. It is believed that Mr H.G.Hill alone suffered loss to the extent of £70".

The last reference to the jackal was in the Dursley Gazette of 9th December, 1905. It read:

"The Jackal Again! Considerable excitement has been prevailing in the Wotton district over the supposed appearance of the 'jackal' in the neighbourhood, and quite an organised hunt took place on Sunday afternoon, when the 'jackal' gave a dozen dogs and men a run of about ten miles, and eventually on being run down, proved to be a foxey looking collie dog which had rushed away in fright. Even then some were not satisfied, and one of the hunters remarked that he was sure that it was a 'wolf with a collar on'."

It seems very likely that, based on their descriptions, a jackal was involved at one point; whether it came from a carnival show, a menagerie, or had been shipped in as a fox cub does not matter. It was there and it killed. It may well have moved out of the area to avoid the hunts for it. It is also clear that the latter incidents did involve dogs.

Both Gloucestershire County Council, via Mr P.R.Evans, the Archivist (Searchroom), Mrs Turton and Mr Baker at Gloucester Library, and Inspector D Walker, Force Press Officer at Gloucestershire Constabulary were very helpful. However, the police records did not go that far back, and a stray dogs register only commences in 1906 (Q/Y/5/1/3).

Mrs Jefferey at the Bristol Reference Library was also very helpful in searching papers covering the days in question all of which was very useful and has provided leads to other cases.

So just what was Charles Fort up to? Did he deliberately not give full facts? The answer may be yes - but with a specific motive. Fort hated armchair experts and his humour is famous; I would like to think that this was Fort's way of making a point - it shows how people simply believed what he wrote, how journalists liked to make a good story better and much more. But you only find this out if you do the research.

The 'vampire sheep slayer' story is solved. No mystery. A pity though, it seemed such a good one!

EDITOR'S NOTE: In support of Terry's final conclusion, may I quote what Charles Fort himself, originally wrote in *Lo* (1931), immediately following his account of the Gloucester sheep-killing:

"I go on with my yarns. I no more believe them than I believe that twice two are four."

If there is continuity, only fictitiously can anything be picked out of the nexus of all phenomena; or if there is only oneness, we cannot, except arbitrarily find any two units with which even to start the sequence that twice two is four"...

"Jackal" Update

by Jonathan Downes.

(With help from Terry Hooper, Clinton Keeling and Dr Karl Shuker)

(As always I attempt to verify the zoological basis for articles printed in this magazine. In doing so, however, I unearthed a web of zoological intrigue and high strangeness which both corroborates and contradicts everything Terry wrote in the above article)

My first action upon reading Terry's article was to telephone Clinton Keeling who told me:

"Very few mammals do suck blood. Some

will lick the gash or wound in the prey animal causing the blood to emerge through capillary action, and causing partial exsanguination. A jackal, however, is a typical canine and an attack on a domestic animal by a jackal would be indistinguishable from that of a fox or domestic dog. Indeed it is generally thought these days that the golden jackal (*Canis aureus*) is, together with the wolf, one of the major ancestors of today's domestic dogs. I am, however prepared to accept that some of the jackal reports, especially those from the Sevenoaks area of Kent may be genuine, as may the Badminion ones, of 1905, although I doubt whether they have anything to do with these so-called 'vampiric' attacks".

Ironically, just after I had finished speaking to Clinton on the telephone, Terry Hooper 'phoned, with new information on the provenance of the Gloucestershire jackals, which confuse the matter further and suggest that the story is far more interesting than either Charles Fort, or indeed Terry Hooper had originally thought. Terry gained access to a number of letters held in archives at Worcester Museum, which lead us to suspect that strange canids were at large in the southern Cotswolds for about half a century before the 1905 killings:

"To the Rev. W.W.Cooper,

Pembridge 2nd February 1848. The animal that you wrote to me about has been killed at Bromsborrow, about two years ago. It is in the possession of my father who will present it to the museum. Five or six years ago, a friend of mine brought a vixen jackal with him from India. He crossed her with a fox and turned the cubs out near Newent, 12 miles from Bromsborrow. He then gave the jackal to Mr Giles at Ledbury who kept it loose for some time. Subsequently he chained it up. It broke its chain and was for some time, a year or two, loose in the wood. I am inclined to think the animal in question is bred from this vixen jackal. She must have been in the wood nearly three years when this animal was killed.

Signed

Rev R.M. Hill".

The next letter is from his father and is dated February 10th 1848 (The language is archaic and has, wherever possible, been quoted in full. We

apologise for the resultant difficulty in conveying its meaning):

"My son has communicated your wishes respecting the animal which was destroyed in this parish in April 1846. I shall have it packed up tomorrow, sent on Saturday by Hart the Bromsborrow carriers (who I think puts up somewhere near the bridge), directed as you desire to Mr Reece at the museum. I likewise sent a bird that was shot last winter at Longden Marsh by the Rev W.Symonds, which he sent to me, supposing me to be a good ornithologist. It is evidently a species of goose and in many points resembles the Brent, but wants the mark on the neck that generally distinguishes that species. I am sorry that they are not better stuffed, in better repair, but such as they are, they are at your service. However if they are not thought worthy of a place in the museum (which I greatly doubt) I beg you will destroy or dispose of them in any way you choose. The animal has lost its flap eyes, tho' I believe my son told you its history. I may as well recapitulate it now to you. In April 1846 it walked into a cottage in this parish where were only a girl about 12 years of age and a young child. Seeing the child move in the cot, it dashed at it, but its attention was distracted by a kitten springing up from the hearth, which it seized and ran out of the house with whither it devoured. The older girl in the meantime locked up the door at which it long scratched and for (...illegible...) the cottage was close to the road and two men, passing by, it attacked them and one of them killed it with a pitchfork which he luckily had in his hand. The creature had been seen in the neighbouring woods and a farmyard for more than a week previous to its death. I examined the jackals in the Regent's Park last spring and it seems very much to resemble them only it is larger. A jackal had escaped from a gentleman's stable yard at Ledbury a few years ago and was for some time in the woods but was at last destroyed.

Many people think that this creature might be the produce of a dog or a fox, or of a dog and a fox. I shall be obliged to you to let me know that the box has arrived safely and what is your opinion of the contents,

Signed

Charles Hill*

Mr Hill's letter also included an extract from the Worcester Chronicle (29.4.1846) which read:

"Tewkesbury. Extraordinary and dangerous adventure with a wolf. Last week a woman living in the parish of Ridmarley in the county of Worcester, on going into an outhouse adjoining the cottage observed what she supposed to be a large dog lying in one corner of the building, and thinking it belonged to some drover took no further notice of it. Shortly afterwards she had occasion to leave the house and the monster which was in reality a wolf, taking advantage of her absence went in and laid itself under a table. The children, three or four in number, likewise thought it was a dog but the youngest - about two months old, which was lying on a low bedstead in the corner of the room, looking up and beginning to cry - the savage animal rushed towards it and a cat belonging to the family courageously attacked the intruder. Poor puss was quickly torn limb from limb and the wolf carried her remains to the outside of the house, proceeded to devour them when the eldest child, a cripple about eight or nine years of age, had the presence of mind to shut the door. Having eaten the whole of the cat except the hind legs, the brute strove to re-enter the house. While this was going on, two men on their way to Ledbury Fair, wishing to leave their smock frocks at the cottage went towards the door but finding themselves opposed by the wolf. They procured a pike and a pitchfork and killed it. It was in a very poor condition and it is reported to have been seen in the neighbouring woods for some time past, having doubtless escaped from some travelling menagerie".

This report, which seems to be a highly dramatised version of the one reported by Mr Hill above, was apparently paraphrased from one in the Gloucester Journal.

The 'goose' referred to in Mr Hill's letter was probably a Canada Goose, a species unfamiliar in Britain at the time, but what of this peculiar canid?

Warwick Museum once had a mounted specimen of a supposed dog/fox hybrid which may have been a jackal, but the whereabouts of the specimen is presently unknown. A photograph of this animal which Terry describes as having "a fox type head but the body of a collie with white markings on it", was published in 'The Countryside' on September 27 1907. The proprietors of Worcester Museum, who provided the documentation quoted verbatim above, are still hopeful of discovering the original mounted specimen so Terry, and eventually we can obtain a photograph and hair samples.

Unfortunately none of this brings us any nearer to the identity of the Gloucester killings of 1905. They took place a year before the inception of the wild dogs register so no official records were kept. In my opinion, these so-called 'vampiric' killings, if they were truly 'vampiric' were, as Clinton Keeling has said, nothing to do with these Jackals, or complex canine hybrids that may have roamed the woods of the southern Cotswolds for a time during the 19th Century, and may have more to do with the similar killings described by Theo Brown in 'Tales from a Dartmoor Village' (1952) which several authorities, including your humble editor have likened to the recent spate of Chupacabras attacks in the hispanic areas of the world.

Having read the above paragraph to Terry down the telephone, he says that in his opinion, the killings were all down either to dogs, foxes or these strange canine hybrids and that "Charles Fort was talking through his arse as regards the blood sucking bit!"

Once again, placing the editorial telephone bill into serious jeopardy I telephoned Clinton Keeling who confirmed my worst suspicions.

A transgeneric hybrid between either a jackal or a dog and a fox of any species is completely impossible because the gestation period is 63 days for a jackal/dog and only about 51 days for all fox species. It is, I suppose possible that the 'jackal vixen' originally brought back from India was a female of one of the two species of fox endemic to that sub-continent but both the species are smaller in build than the eurasian species (*Vulpes*), and this seems very unlikely. Clinton confirmed that the animals that the Rev. Hill had seen at Regent's Park in the spring of 1847 were Golden Jackals

(*Caureus*), because they had been kept in that collection since it opened in 1828 and whilst four other species were kept later, none others were exhibited at the time.

He noted that all Jackals are pack animals which would be unlikely to fend for themselves singly and suggested that any escapee would immediately seek company of farm dogs, with whom it could, conceivably interbreed.

It seems that whatever animal the Rev. Hill's friend brought back from India in about 1842, it could not have been interbred with members of the local fox population.

Writing in *Extraordinary Animals Worldwide* (1991) Dr Karl P.N. Shuker recounts a number of occurrences when wolves and on occasion jackals were released into the British countryside by a local MPH eager to bolster up a flagging population of the local red fox.

He notes a jackal shot near Sevenoaks in 1905, (a good year for these curious canids) and also recounts a record from the early part of this century of coyotes released into Epping Forest. Indeed, it appears that until fairly recently the stuffed carcass of a wolf of unknown species which was shot in Epping High Street earlier this century was on display in the town's museum/town hall.

Such events are far from being uncommon within the annals of fortaean zoological literature, and there are similar records from all over the United Kingdom.

My own records include both 'Scottish Hill Foxes' and (possibly) German Wolves released onto Dartmoor at the end of the 19th Century, and whilst it seems completely possible that (as Clinton Keeling suggested) the farm dog population in parts of the country has a smidgeon of jackal genes within its ancestry, and (as Theo Brown has suggested) the same thing may also apply with both North American, European and possibly even Indian wolves, the chances of the British fox population being diluted with genetic stock from any non-fox species.

Karl Shuker confirmed this and noted that the only

Caureus hybrids on record were:

"Male Golden Jackal x Female domestic dog Hybrids tend to resemble the jackal more than the dog in colour and conformation" (Annie P Gray 'Mammalian Hybrids' 2nd Ed 1972).

Unfortunately Annie Gray does not state which dog breed was the dam, but it is hypothetically possible, that if a jackal was brought to England from India and mated with a dog rather than a fox, and the progeny released, they could not only survive in the wild but could possibly (depending on the breed of the sire) look enough like British foxes (*Caureus* is not unlike *Vulpes* in essentials) to survive unsuspected alongside the local fox population.

However, as Karl Shuker pointed out, there is no evidence whatsoever to suppose that such hybrids would be viable enough to ensure a longstanding population. Such a bloodline might well only last for one or two generations.

Hypothetically, however, it is just possible that such a hybridized population existed (and may still exist) alongside, but separate to the fox population in the southern Cotswolds and elsewhere, and if so it is just about possible that an occasional animal, looking almost identical to its jackal ancestor might surface.

This could have happened in 1905.

It doesn't explain the vampiric attacks on the local sheep population though....

Just as attacks on sheep on Exmoor in 1986 were immediately blamed on a strange animal seen in the area (when in actuality they were almost certainly, largely at least, no such thing), eighty one years before the same socio-cultural scenario was being played out just up the M5 (which of course didn't exist then) in Gloucestershire.

Surely there is nothing new under the sun, and vampiric attacks on livestock, like out of place animals, (whatever their exact provenance) *"are just part of the way things are"* even if (in most cases at least) they have nothing at all to do with each other!

BIG CAT REPORTS FROM SCOTLAND

by Mark Fraser
(Editor of 'Haunted Scotland' Magazine)

Winter 1968-1969 (approx)
Westwood Avenue, Ayr

The following is written down in the witnesses own words, who, at the time, was a schoolgirl of 11 or 12 years of age.

"It was around 1968-69 and it was also winter; I think it may have been January or February. I was ready to leave for school so it must have been around 8:30 am. I opened the back door and saw a huge cat on the doorstep, ready to rummage through the dustbin which sat to the right-hand side of the door. I got such a shock that I slammed the door immediately; I did not tell anyone because I knew they would not believe me. When my brothers and I left for school about five minutes later there was no sign of the cat.

It was quite unusual in the way that it looked at me when I first opened the door... it seemed almost human-like - its eyes, that is. The cat must have been as big as a puma or a tiger. Its head seemed enormous and its body, had I stood next to it, would have come up to my waist. Remember, I would have been 11 years old at the time and was at that age quite small at 4 ft 6 ins. It was stripey like a ginger tiger cat. Its whiskers seemed really long and its paws enormous. I remember its paws because it was about to rifle through the bin. I know I saw it very briefly (because I banged the door closed) but I can remember it clearly.

It was not like a tiger in the zoo, it was like a big inflated version of a house cat. There was talk of a family of wild cats near our school in the lane, but although we played on the swings I never saw them. It's funny; the cat was not in the least bit afraid when I opened the door. It did not move while I was there; it obviously moved when the

door was closed. By the way, it had been snowing but the snow was not lying very thick - it was sort of slushy. I remember looking around the garden for paw prints but there was nothing to be seen."

1968-69 (2)

"This also happened around 1968-69. I had been out playing and decided to go home. At the entrance to our house there was a wall about 2 1/2 feet in height. Sitting on the wall was a large cat, it was really big and had a large head and a thick neck that went into sort of broad shoulders a bit like a pit-bull terrier. It was hard to say how tall it was as it was sitting, but it was much larger than a house cat. The cat was a sort of black/brown colour.

"Being frightened of cats I stopped at the path and would not pass it. It seemed to be watching me, aware that I was frightened of it. It hissed and spat at me and stretched its claw s out. The claw paw was really large like an adult's hand or fist clenched. I ran off up the road. It really had strange eyes as well; they were very dark. The whole incident was frightening because the cat seemed to be aware of my fear. This was the second time I'd seen a cat."

1987

Mid summer 1987

"George", who works at Spillers near Barrhead was one night driving to work, the time was approx 9.30 to 10 pm. As he was approaching Burnhouse on a clear night he saw heading towards him on the opposite side of the road a muscular lion type animal. "Big strong... mountain lion type." George states the tail was 3ft long. The animal was caught in the headlights and in one bound leaped onto the white lines in the middle of the road and with another bound it reached the grass verge and was away into the fields...

Second sighting Jan 1994 approx

This time "George" was returning from work at Spillers, the time being approx 6.30 am. He was heading towards Irving and was about one and three quarter miles from the town, near the Torn Yard Inn.

He first noticed greenish yellowish eyes shining in the dark, belonging to a large cat-like animal crouching on the roadside staring at the car. The animal was dark fawn, tawney in colour. The eyes first reminded "George" of two lights. The animal

last thing that "George" saw. On first approaching the animal George thought the eyes belonged to a fox, he was a hundred yards away when he first saw the eyes.

1992

September 1992 approx.

The area was a forest in the Sunderland/Coatness. The gamekeeper who was the witness does not want his name known or even the location of the forest. he was doing his rounds when he suddenly sighted a large black cat: it was, he said, the size of a Labrador dog, although the head was like that of a puma or panther. It had a long sweeping tail and moved in a cat-like manner. It actually cut across the gamekeeper's path about 10 ft in front of him and then shot off into the forest. He had never seen anything like it before.

1994

February 1994

Account from Duncan and Alex Binning, who have no objections to their names being used.

They use the Dean Castle Park estates pretty regularly for walking and exercising their dogs. Late one evening in February the two dogs they had with them began acting nervously. They walked on a few paces and then heard the sound of snapping twigs coming from the trees.

The couple now became nervous themselves as they had never seen their dogs react in such a way before, the younger one of the two now having come to walk in-between the couples' legs.

As they reached the car park Duncan took a look over his shoulder and saw in the darkness behind them two yellow cat-like eyes that belonged to a large black animal standing much taller than the dogs, 40 ft away. The couple leashed the dogs and left the area rapidly.

A few days later while out walking the dogs, the dogs began acting strangely again. Then both Duncan and Alex heard the sound of purring, like that of a domestic cat but much much louder. This time, remembering what they had seen the other evening they left quickly.

The dogs, when in the grounds before and even after the incidents, have been fine and displayed no odd behaviour at all.

Another nearby resident living in the New Farm Loch area of Kilmarnock also talked of the strange and puzzling behaviour of his dog in the early part of 1994 but cannot remember exactly which month. For years he and his faithful hound have walked the estates without incident except for the time when the dog flatly refused to enter the grounds, each evening for about a week. No amount of coaxing would entice the quivering yelping animal into the estate. Then one evening, after sniffing the air, the animal entered without any problem at all.

Summer 1994

A big cat-like creature was sighted by a girl who did not want to be named, in the Castlehill area of Ayr - near the Castlehill stables there is a wooded area. The cat was seen moving through the trees, about the size of a Labrador and black/dark grey in colour... she saw the cat briefly which was at first crouching before it stood up and moved away.

Autumn 1994

"Michael" phoned: he would not leave personal details. His wife saw a big cat or creature at the Mount House in Kilmarnock. It was a dark morning. The cat was black and had a really long tail. Michael also had a sighting himself in the same year in Kirkcudbrightshire as he was driving his lorry.

December 1994 approx

"Lee came running into the bedroom quite excited, saying there was a strange animal in the opposite field. As we jumped up to look, whatever was there was gone. Lee then became a little reluctant to say what he'd seen. The animal was bigger than any dog, except perhaps a Great Dane. He mentioned it being cat-like, maybe like a panther, and jet black. This was seen when we lived at Windy Brae: farmland near Kilwinning, near the Dalgarven Mill".

1995

August 1995 approx

Dundonald Camp. Darkness 9.30 to 10.30 pm. Mr Dunlop was driving towards Irvine when he looked into his rear view mirror to glimpse a big cat jumping into the hedge. He states it was the size of a puma, fawny, with a fairly long tail and about the size of a labrador or slightly larger.

Winter 1995

Ian McCaw spotted a large brownish cat near the Loudon Golf Club, Kilmarnock. "It was heavily built, like a Dobermann, but I could see it had pointed ears like a cat and a face like a cat. There was some snow on the ground but I didn't go looking for any prints." The Club steward admitted that he had found large cat-like prints in the snow.

199610-7-96 Dundonald

"D" states he had just driven past Fraser's Garden Centre when they saw a large creature running into a field. Golden coloured, long in length similar to a Great Dane. It ran across a field of cows which scattered at the animal's approach. "D" was shocked and surprised and turned the car to go back and look again but the cows had settled and the animal had gone.

He said it had moved very quickly and gracefully and seemed very powerful. "D" mentioned that for decades now, local hearsay is that a puma lives wild on the Fenick Moors.

27-7-96 Mr Wright, Dalry

At around midnight Mr Wright was travelling the Ardrossan-Dalry back road. Near the dam by the field adjacent to the boats they found a mauled sheep still alive. Mr Wright states the lamb had four claw marks or slashes down one side about one and a half inches long and bald patches around the wounds, that he did not think were caused by barbed wire. He informed the police; and returned the next day but the lamb was gone from the field.

3-8-96 approx. In Dundonald.

M was travelling the Dundonald-Kilmarnock road at approx 9pm. As he neared Fraser's Garden Centre a large cat-like animal walked along the road in front of him. It was the approx size of a fully grown "greyhound only fuller in body and golden/fawn in colour". As the animal caught sight

of the car it shot off very quickly into the fields.

Towards the end of August "M" saw a similar animal on the Dundonald-Drybridge road. It was dark evening time; again, the animal was walking the side of the road towards him and ran off as the car approached. It was similar in size and shape as the first sighting although "M" thought it was darker - but this could be due to the lighting conditions at the time.

7-8-96 Kilmarnock.

A driver and passenger (males, approx mid-20's) were driving to Irving from Kilmarnock in the dark, about 23:30. On the brow of a hill near Moorfield roundabout they saw, in profile only, a large "bigger than any dog" cat-like animal. It jumped into the middle of the road, barely touching the ground, and then onto the verge and away into the fields. A golden colour; they thought at first it was a deer but in reality they knew it was no such thing... smooth, short haired, light brown.

6-9-96 McCormack, Darvel.

Time approx 6am. Travelling to his factory in Burns Road he saw a 'big cat' moving along the railway embankment that runs along the industrial area. The animal was black and about the size of a labrador dog "but sort of feline in appearance".

8-9-96 Dobbs, Hurlford.

Mrs Mattie Dobbs and her husband, both farmers, were out walking their dog along the River Irvine on the Hurlford side and looked across and saw an unusual animal that they couldn't identify. It looked like a cat but much larger than a domestic one. Then the animal stood and as it turned to its side Mattie was amazed at its size and length - it also had a very long tail.

The way it moved and stretched put her in mind of a jungle cat. In height it was as big as their labrador. Facially it did not resemble a household cat; the face was fawny coloured the same as its body but had brown markings around the top of its head and ears (not stripey or ginger). They watched the cat walk away.

11-9-96 Galston.

Driving along the back road from Galston to Ayr, J saw a large cat-like animal near Fiveways, at the side of the road two and a half car lengths from him. He slowed and dipped his lights. J, aged 81, said that as he passed, the animal pounced or lunged at the driver's side window, actually smashing the wing mirror. It was roughly the size of a Golden Retriever, light tan in colour with a long tail, and had cat-like facial features. J's neighbour, also a pensioner, said that, two days earlier, her car was also attacked by a large animal on the same stretch of road.

14-9-96 Dundonald.

"H" and her husband saw a large cat at Fraser's Garden centre around 11am. They'd gone to look at the horses in the field round the back, which is where they saw the cat, completely black and around the height of an adult Labrador although longer in length. The cat seemed to be walking stealthily; the donkey in the field did not seem concerned.

23-9-96 Mrs Malone, Kilmarnock.

At approximately 7 p.m Mrs Malone was out walking her 12 year old West Highland Terrier on the grass verge near the Springhill nursing home (near Mount House). Suddenly the dog crouched low "as if it were going to stalk something: it never made a sound but stared straight ahead."

Then, a "very large cat-like animal appeared from behind a very large tree." The creature's eyes were marina green with o nge pupils.

The cat stared at her as she stood rooted to the spot with fear. The cat moved slowly from behind the tree and Mrs Malone described it as being shiny black in colour with long legs and long tail.

It was the size of a fully grown labrador. She backed away slowly, pulling the silent dog with her - she got the impression her terrier would have stood its ground.

When describing her experience a week later she said "The cat almost seemed intelligent and it was as if it were trying to 'stare me out'."

It's...

557 miles from Exeter.
469 miles from Cowering in the Minge (Wils.)
1983 miles from Sioux Falls, Indiana.
.75 miles from the North Sea

it's...

NORTH OF THE BORDER

by

**Tom 'let's send that fat fool
a skull with a horn on it
as a joke' Anderson**

(Amazing stunts with a Combine Harvester)

Wednesday, 12th February on the A835 between Inverness and Ullapool, a lorry driver spotted what he described as a 'large dead cat' lying on the verge of the road. He described it as being 50% larger than a German Shepherd Dog and gray in colour, but when he returned to investigate it further it had gone! A white Transit Van parked nearby had also vanished.

CUE LOCAL TV NEWS PROGRAMME...

Cut to interview with 'local expert' Di Francis, standing in a field following windswept and rained upon, who tells us that the only cat capable of reaching that size AND having gray fur is a puma. However, she points out to Grampian TV's interviewer (in my opinion wrongly), the base colour of many lynxes is also gray. She then quoted the Cannich cat - a pretty dodgy example as it was brown and had been released fairly recently before...

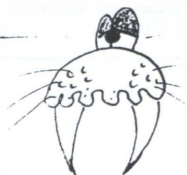
EDITOR'S NOTE: ALLEGEDLY Mr Anderson!!! (Anyway all forteans are used to allegations about missing and disappearing corpses of 'grays').

She believed everything that the driver (name unknown and no details) claimed. I am dubious both about the missing cadaver AND the mystery van!

Lastly, if it did exist, was it a cat? As we all know, moves are afoot to reintroduce the wolf in this very area and Wolves ARE gray. Now, if we could only tie in a certain Oxford academic with the ownership of a white van...

I think that we should be told!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The views of Aberdeen's Mr Entertainment do not necessarily always coincide with those of the editor and his team. When they do, we don't usually admit it for fear of legal action and attracting unwanted attacks from various vigilante groups amongst the zoological community!



Giant Squid, Mystery Boar and Pregnant Snake - Three Irish Animal Stories

by Richard Muirhead

In this piece I am presenting information on three unusual animal stories from Ireland. The first, of a possible giant squid, is from 1673, the second of a boar-like animal in 1780 or 1781, and the third, a gravid grass snake of 1832. All are fairly well documented, but in the case of the "boar" (if that is what it was) more information could come to light because the text from the source found refers to other papers in Ireland referring to this animal and genealogical records could trace the eyewitnesses who were resident in the Tipperary area.

1. Squid

The account of the squid or sea monster is taken from an old issue of the journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society⁽¹⁾. This in turn was taken from a pamphlet at the library of the British Museum, ie the British Library, which is where I found the account of the "boar" below. The animal was actually described as being "captured" which gives the impression that it was actually taken alive. On examination of Fig. 1 the animal seems to have squid and simultaneously jelly-like features, ie the "eyes" and tentacles in the former case and the bag-like "hood" above the head. Perhaps it was a kind of octopus. Octopi are familiar from British waters, having turned up on the coast of Sussex in recent years, so it is not inconceivable that they may have turned up off Ireland. The original document makes it clear that the depiction of the animal had to be shortened due to lack of space, so it should be longer than shown. It was:

"Bigger than an ox, yet without legs, bones, fins or scales; with two heads, and ten horns of 10 or 11 feet long, on eight of which horns there grew knobs, about the bigness of a cloak button, in shapes like crowns or coronets, to the number of 100 on each horn, which were all to open, and had rows of teeth within them: and in all other parts wonderful and unparallel'd⁽²⁾.

The document goes on to describe how a James Steward was riding along the sea shore at Dingelchough, in Co. Kerry, when he saw the animal

near the shore.

"The length of this sea monster, horns and all, was full nineteen foot, and in bulk or bigness somewhat larger than a horse... Besides, it had a natural power to contract or draw in these horns into its head (as a snail does) and extend them again at pleasure. ... Between these two smooth longest horns, and in the middle of all the rest, grew up from the great head, the little or smaller head, at about three or four foot distance; this was much in the shape of a hawk looking upwards, and had a strange mouth, and two tongues in it, and here too, no doubt it did take in much of its nourishment."⁽³⁾

The description continues with saying its colour was flesh colour, except it had a large fleshy mantle which hung loose over the body on both sides. This was bright red on the outside and perfect white within. It was cut open and the liver weighed 30lb and the fat, when boiled, hardened. Part of the animal was taken to Dublin "and presented to several persons of honour"⁽⁴⁾ and shown publicly in various parts of Ireland including Dublin.

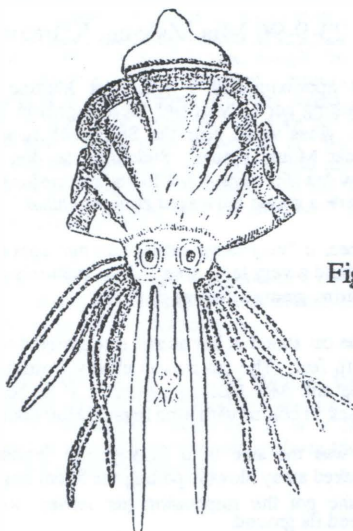


Fig 1

The opinion of Darren Naish is that this animal, when described to him in April 1997 sounded like what may be one of the first descriptions of a giant squid from this part of the world, but it had some unusual features like an extra head.

Boars?

The next account is of several anomalous animals of the same species, found in late 1780 or early 1781 in central south-west Ireland (see Fig. 2). I "found" this whilst looking through Walkers Hibernian Magazine ⁽⁵⁾ in the British Library, London. The incident involving this animal and at least five men took place near Thomastown, on the road between Tipperary to Cashel. What makes the case interesting is that the animal, although somewhat boar-like, is somewhat anomalous, to put it conservatively! The animal is shown below. The account tells how one John Carrol was travelling towards Cashel from Tipperary when he heard what sounded like the roar of a bull amongst some trees... "After a few moments he saw the animal whose noise he had heard; its size and figure was that of an ordinary pig, but its head was armoured with spreading horns. This animal followed him at a slow pace near a mile, until coming to a place near Thomastown Pool, it entered a cave." ⁽⁶⁾ Then the following night Mr Carrol and some other men went to the cave and found three of these animals which then took home. That is the substance of the story.

These animals sound superficially like wild boar. The trouble is, what about those horns? Wild boar have tusks, not horns. Yet according to Thompson ⁽⁷⁾, a natural historian of 19th century Ireland, the tusks of Irish wild boar were of a goodly dimensions. But a Dr Scouler ⁽⁸⁾ said that, compared with wild boar found in Scandinavian peat bogs, the Irish boar was very diminutive and was plentiful down to the 17th century, though the exact date of extinction is unknown. This information is in a book on extinct British animals ⁽⁹⁾. If the Irish wild boar were really diminutive, would it have had prominent tusks?



Fig. 2

Snakes

Contrary to popular opinion snakes have turned up in Ireland, most probably introduced deliberately or by accident. In 1831 a Mr James Cleland introduced six grass snakes to Rath-gael in Co. Down from Covent Garden to see if they would survive. One snake was killed at Milecross about three miles distant, and it was thought at first to be a kind of eel until a naturalist identified it as a snake.

"One far-seeing clergyman preached a sermon in which he cited this unfortunate snake as token of the immediate commencement of the millennium..." ⁽¹⁰⁾

Three more snakes were later killed, which left two still in the wild. The Times of Sept 8th 1832 reported, reprinting from a Belfast newspaper, that "a gentleman called at our office last night with a female snake 3 ft 3 inches [1 m] in length, which was killed yesterday in a field at Milecross... They [grass snakes] have recently been seen in the Co. of Down." Their presence in Ireland was attributed by some to opposition to the Reform Bill of 1832 ⁽¹¹⁾.

"The futility of the popular belief that snakes cannot live in our blessed land has been most fully demonstrated - several large eggs having been found in its ovarium."

Appendix

After completing the above I came across a very unusual report from The Naturalists's Notebook for 1869 (p255). It originally appeared in Saunders's News-letter, probably sometime that year. The illustration below appears courtesy of Darren Naish, with thanks. He also agrees with me that it is no known species. This is the account in its entirety.

"Capture of a Curious Animal in a Rabbit Snare - An animal which baffles the skill of those who have seen it to define, was a few days ago found in a snare set for rabbits in the demense of the Marquis of Conyngham, at Slane, County Meath.

It is thus described by the gamekeeper:- The size of a good cat, with a tail about a foot and a quarter [18 cm] in length, covered with a strong wiry hair. The snout is sharp and pointed, something like a weazel's (sic). In the mouth there are four large tusks, two pointing upwards and two pointing downwards. A small mane of dark brown hair runs

downwards. A small mane of dark brown hair runs down the whole length of the back; but the strangest thing of all is that it has twelve toes or claws on each foot, in two rows - seven on the outside row, which are exceedingly sharp, and five on the inside. In general it is more stoutly built than animals of the cat kind. Still, the body is lithe and supple. the colour throughout is dark brown, and white on the breast." - Saunders's News-letter

Could this be an as yet unidentified animal from the 9th century poem which mentions many Irish animals? This poem is featured in part in P. H. Gosse's "The Romance of Natural History", 2nd Series, 1861, pp 57-62. It concerns a prisoner offered release by his captor if he presented the latter with a pair of every Irish animal. A conversation with the current Marquis of Conyngham in July 1997 revealed that this was the first time he'd heard of the animal. Some family records had been destroyed in a fire but he had read about wild cats in Ireland "in the early 20th century."

Fig. 3



Notes and References

1. Anon. "An Account of a Sea-Monster captured at Dinglecouch in 1673" - *Cork Historical and Archaeological Society Journal* vol 3A, 1894, pp 190-192.
2. Ibid, p190.
3. Ibid, p192.
4. Ibid, p192.
5. Dea, John and Ryan, Dennis et al "Account of an extraordinary non-descript animal" in *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* Feb 1781 (Dublin?) p73.
6. Ibid, p73.
7. Thompson, *Natural History of Ireland* vol 4 p36.
8. Dr Scouler in *Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin* vol 1 p226 and *Wilde Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* vol 7 p208.
9. Harting, J.E. *British Extinct Animals* 1972 ed pp93-94.
10. Chambers, R. *Book of Days* vol 1, 1883, p383.
11. Editor's note: Ireland was, at that time, ruled from London. The Reform Bill proposed reform of the anomaly-ridden voting system where, for instance, Old Sarum (an Iron-Age fort) returned two Members of Parliament whereas the emerging industrial town of Manchester had no MPs at all.

CLINTON'S COGITATIONS: THE KELSTRIDGE LIONS

by Clinton Keeling

The following event took place on 14th August 1970 when I was operating the Ashover Zoological Garden in Derbyshire. I swear to the veracity of this entire account.

At approximately 11 am I received a 'phone call from a farmer at Kelstedge a hamlet a little under a mile away. "Come quickly," he snapped in an agitated voice, "two of your damned lions are out, and are in one of my fields."

How I got to the puma enclosure I don't know, as my knees felt as though they were full of warm water. We had no lions, but I deduced that Apache and Sioux, the pumas, must be out, as out of all our animals these most closely resembled lions - at least from a distance. I almost yelled out in relief when the pumas regarded me sleepily as they dozed in the sun of high summer, so I made my way to Kelstedge with something approaching interest.

First, though, a word or two about my informant. Named Muxlowe (quite a common surname in that part of the country and probably originating in the region of Kirkby Muxlowe in Leicestershire) he was an intelligent well-read man in early middle-age, and an ex-public schoolboy - although I fully appreciate that being endowed with quality grey matter and having been to a public school are by no means synonymous.

When I arrived on the scene he led me a few yards along the lane and, without a word, pointed into a field: roughly in its middle (Peakland fields are, generally, small), were two domestic dogs - golden Labradors.

Admittedly they were in a rather unusual position, as Wylie, the bitch, was lying couchant while Noble was standing upright and motionless behind her (in fact in retrospect I realise the former was on oestrus) but although I only have one eye I immediately identified them as what they were, which brings up the strangest part of the whole odd saga.

In that part of scenic Derbyshire live many townies, ex Chesterfield and Sheffield in particular, and, wanting to play the part of country people rather

ex Chesterfield and Sheffield in particular, and, wanting to play the part of country people rather affectedly, make a point of keeping the variety of dog they consider to be most redolent of rural life - so consequently the golden, and to a lesser extent the black, Labrador is a common sight in the area. But not only that: Noble and Wylie were owned by Muxlowe's next door neighbour; he (M) saw them nearly every day and was on good terms with them. So work that one out if you can. After getting on for three decades, I cannot.

When I tackled Muxlowe about it subsequently he surprised me by becoming quite defensive about it. "Well of course, it's only natural," more tolerant people than I have said; although in my view he hadn't a leg to stand on to defend such pure unadulterated idiocy, but on one occasion he came out with the bon mot "anyone can have a mental aberration".

All the discussion and debate in the world, though, will not alter the simple fact that possibly for the hundredth time that year, Muxlowe noticed the dogs from next door - and quite genuinely saw them as two lions.

I'm reminded of the immortal words of the late Sir Arthur Keith - "I have come to the conclusion that the existence or non-existence of the Loch Ness Monster is not a problem for zoologists but for psychologists."

I agree.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As of this issue Clinton Keeling will be contributing a regular column to this magazine. Usually it will take the form of his 'cogitations' on the issues raised in the previous issue.

He wrote such a column for this issue, but even such a well run and delightfully organised organisation as our own sometimes makes mistakes (hint of editorial irony there folks), and his original article disappeared into the interstices of the CFZ Filing System, a cock up for which we can only apologise. However, the regular series, (quite possibly subtitled "Don't look Back in Anger" because even the A&M Editorial team are not immune from the odd britpop joke - and I am determined to see whether Mark North can do a cartoon of Clin as Liam Gallagher), will start in its originally planned form from issue 15.

Neil Nixon presents another extract from that highly mythical compilation album:

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL CRYPTO...

"The Amazing Bigfoot Diet"

Somewhere in the bargain bins of a local indie stockist or the well stocked racks of a store in imports you may encounter the work of Mojo Nixon (no relation as far as I know). Described in Rock encyclopaedia pages as 'Music's premier sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll enthusiast'...

EDITORIAL NOTE: Such authors have obviously never met large numbers of the A&M Editorial team.

... and known primarily as a ranting oddball, who describes his own fantasy as the 'Fornication Nation', Mojo, like many comedians - hides a serious intent in his bizarre imagery.

Mojo's stock in trade is to combine out-to-lunch lyrics with a skeletal rock backing flexible enough to allow him to rant, rave and throw flexible timings all to hell. This opening cut of the Enigma compilation 'Unlimited Everything' is a predictably improbable tale of life in Mojo land, in which he marries a bigfoot in the opening line and then fills in the rest of the song with headlines from US Supermarket tabloids. Superficially it's gibbering nonsense. In the context of a collection of the best of Mojo the imagery of the opening cut supports other songs which explore other folk myths, media stars and underground ideas.

Elsewhere on the album Mojo tells us that 'E/s is Everywhere', Debbie Gibson is pregnant with his two headed love child, and that we should stand up against mass culture by burning down shopping malls. The infamous "Stiffin' Martha's Muffin" - a love song of sorts to a slow witted MTV VI - also puts in an appearance. Looked at from this angle Mojo's relict hominoid related ditty is the perfect opener. The man celebrates the unfettered imaginative genius behind trash culture, and the 'Bigfoot Diet' in this context is simply the endless demand for novelty and angle to triumph over reason. Food wise the diet in question never gets more specific than a command to 'Do the Bigfoot Burger'. The command itself is addressed to the same audience that is swimming in tabloid story inventions.

If Mojo has a serious message beyond this - and he's often the last to admit it, he is telling us that Bigfoot belongs firmly in the folk-myth world of Elvis burger chefs and 'Jesus at Macdonalds'. Bigfoot is simply a talisman for the whole culture. We want Bigfoot because we want cultural icons which present us with instant wonder and amazement. Mojo's Bigfoot is what we've made him, which has very little to do with Gigantopithecus, land bridges and evolutionary possibilities. Bigfoot is ever present, and the Bigfoot agenda is about as precise as that of the tabloid papers that have printed the stories and the supermarket chains that sell the tabloids. Anything more specific would destroy Bigfoot's main use as a flexible image onto which novelty and invention can continually be hung. As the outro says:

"Bigfoot here, Bigfoot there, Goddamn Bigfoot Everywhere".

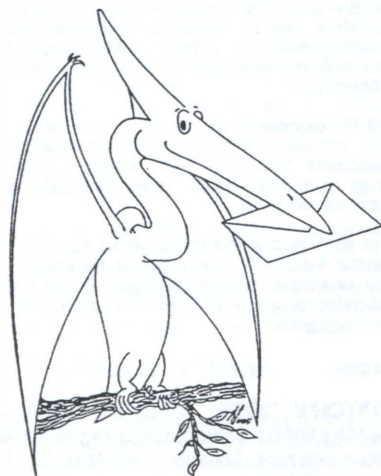
Incidentally - forget the serious bits for a moment. Mojo Nixon records always sound as though the man himself is having a seriously good time. Occasionally weird and warped, but definitely for those with a sense of humour.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I make no apologies for having included a far longer *Now that's What I call Crypto'* than usual. It seemed important to print Neil's article in full, because rather than just presenting a slice of novelty pop music, and taking a wry look at one of the sillier backwaters of contemporary culture, he has (or rather his non-relative Mojo has), presented a very similar thesis as to the nature of many North American Man Beasts as did Loren Coleman in his article for *Anomalist* #2, and his lecture at the 1995 Unconvention.

Bigfoot, like so many other cryptozoological icons can no longer be seen purely in terms of a zoological, or even a zoofarm model. The terms of reference need to be broadened in order for us to accept 'him' as a true piece of socio-cultural iconography! At the risk of annoying many seasoned but somewhat 'fundamentalist' cryptozoologists, the same could be said about British Big Cats, Big Birds and even the ubiquitous 'Nessie'.

That, however, gentle readers is a whole new can of worms (or should that be 'can of media-fuelled quasi-plesiosaurs'?)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



The Editor welcomes letters and other communications on any subject of interest to readers of this magazine. He reserves the right to edit, omit, (and in the case of Mr Thomas Anderson) both say rude things incessantly and shamelessly malign his good name within the community, and would also like to stress that all opinions stated, both here and elsewhere in the pages of this august periodical, are the opinions of the individual writer, and not necessarily those of the editor, the editorial team, or the Centre for Fortean Zoology. Every attempt has been made not to infringe the copyright or libel laws. Any such infringements are the responsibility of the individual writer rather than the publishers or editorial team. So there!

THE UNIDENTIFIED WALLABY SLASHER OF NEWQUAY - THE BACKLASH

Dear Jon,

Nice to see you at the FT UnConvention last weekend. I hope that it proved a successful event as far as the CFZ was concerned. Thinking later about your talk on the Newquay Zoo mutilations, one possible explanation did occur to me: one which I'm sure you must have considered, but were perhaps loth to speculate on publicly. However, much in this case would be explained if the culprit were a member of the Newquay Zoo staff.

The finding of the knife in association with one of the dead waterfowl, suggests that we're looking for a human attacker, rather than a paranormal entity. It's also logical to assume that whoever was behind the waterfowl attacks was the same person involved with the later wallaby killings. If we suppose that this person is/was a staff member, then such an individual would have inside knowledge of the zoo's security system. Also, it may explain why the other wallabies in the enclosure where the attack took place didn't seem to be perturbed: they were familiar with the sound/scent/sight of the human entering their paddock. Why was there no sign of footprints in the sand? Simple: the person had access to zoo keys and equipment, and simply raked over his prints as he made his way back to the enclosure gate, which he then locked behind him.

There's still the question of motive, but speculation on this is perhaps not productive. Sadistic attacks on animals are, alas, not all that rare. A person who wished to commit such acts might well seek employment at a small local zoo, where the typical long hours and low pay mean that the employer can't always be over picky about who they add to the pay-roll.

As for some of the other weird stuff, such as sightings of UFO's in the same general vicinity, I suspect that if you dug deep enough at ANY given time or place, you'd turn up some reports of odd lights in the sky etc. Maybe 'Doc' Shiels doesn't believe in coincidence, but when you think about it, 'pure' coincidence is just as likely as anything else in this goblin universe of ours. Generally I think that we should beware of jumping to paranormal conclusions, unless and until everything else has been ruled out.

Turning now to the latest issue of A&M (#13), I fear that two of the short news items on page 11 are non-stories.

(a) 'A Fishy Story', concerning the 'toppen' found in the Gambia River.

I'm sure that you are correct in identifying the toppen as a misnomer for tarpon, but there is nothing unusual in the reported size of this specimen or the fact that it was found in fresh water. The tarpon (*Megalops atlanticus*) is well known for its ability to thrive in both salt and fresh waters. It can also survive in oxygen-poor water by coming to the surface and gulping air into its lung-like air bladder. So it's a very interesting fish but not the stuff of cryptozoological mystery.

(b). 'Everybody's got something to hide...' This item made me wonder just how many times an animal can be rediscovered. The Hairy Bared Dwarf Lemur, was for many years known only from a handful of museum specimens, but was then found alive and well in Madagascar in 1989. The quoted article from 'Die Welt' seems to be about seven years out of date!

Meanwhile, I'm gradually reading through the new CFZ Yearbook and finding it hugely enjoyable: a real credit to all concerned, and well worth the long wait!

(It sure looks as if the poor old migo has been blown out of the water by the worthy Mr Naish!)

Stay Well,

Mike Grayson,
London.

EDITOR'S REPLY: Ouch! Mike is undoubtedly perfectly correct with regards the tarpon and the lemur articles. We should have checked our source material better.... but didn't!

As far as the Newquay Zoo material, which as well as being the subject of my talk at the 1997 UnConvention, is also covered in Chapter Six of my latest book *'The Owlman and Others'* (CFZ 1997), I beg to differ with him.

a. There is no evidence whatsoever that the 'kitchen knife' discovered in the zoo enclosure was used in the mutilations. The zoo staff thought so little of the discovery that for months afterwards they used it in the routine preparation of foodstuffs for the animals.

b. I feel that there is every possibility that the deaths of the waterfowl and the wallabies could have been caused by different agencies. Apart from the location, there is no real evidence linking them.

c. I agree entirely with Mike about the danger of jumping to 'paranormal conclusions'. That is why in this case I haven't done so. As stated in my book, despite the strong amount of evidence to the contrary, I believe that the whole affair MAY be a series of coincidences,

that have been linked together by credulous UFOlogists over the last twenty years who have even stooped to 'doctoring' some of the documentary evidence in the case, in order to make it more interesting to paranoid conspiracy theorists and X Files buffs everywhere. Sad but true.

MORE FEEDBACK AND STUFF

Dear Jon,

With reference to Roderick Moore's letter concerning the Daily Mail's article reporting remains found of unidentified creatures by scuba divers in an underwater cave in the Fijian island of Matagi. (A&M12). The only other mention that I have seen of the discovery was in Fortean Times No 58 (July 1991 p.28) Summarised as follows:

Remains of four prehistoric creatures were found thirty two miles off the island in a coral cave. The remains appeared to be those of two adults, one adolescent and a juvenile. The adult skulls were approximately three feet long, with a total body length of 26-32 feet. American scientists who were shown video tapes of the remains were apparently unable to identify them. The cave was about 160 feet underwater, and the remains were between 100 and 160 feet into the cave and up a winding passage which was divided into different compartments. Apparently the isolation, depth and darkness of the site made it very different to dive.

Kevin Deacon is quoted as that the remains were either prehistoric or contemporary animals unknown to science. Frieda McHugh of Takapona, New Zealand, linked the discovery with past encounters by Fijians with a giant shark deity which they call the 'Dakuwaqa'. The article goes on to give details of a number of alleged encounters with this fearsome creature. Since then, however, I have heard no further details on the remains. Perhaps a letter to the Fortean Times would provide further details?

I would also like to mention Michael Goss's excellent item on the Canvey Island Carcass (A&M10). He mentions first learning of the event in either Weekens or Titbits magazine and was not sure of the year. I can help him here. It was an article by Mike Bennett in Titbits Magazine on the 29th 9.1981,

I hope that the above items may be of interest to fellow readers.

Yours faithfully,

Michael Playfair.
Leicester.

RICHARD FINDS SOMETHING A- FOOT (SNIGGER)

Dear Jon,

On glancing through the Bord's excellent 'Alien Animals' I noticed something I hadn't twigged onto before. On page 192 there is a photograph of Polish medium Franek Kluski apparently materialising a bird upon his shoulders. The Bord's seem to think that this looks like a bird of prey. I beg to differ. The shape of the head and the big eye make it look very much like a nightjar.

At seances, Kluski also called forth a huge 'lion-like cat' that licked participants hands with a rough tongue, and 'a creature the sitters dubbed 'pithecanthropus'. This latter beast seemed to be intermediate between man and beast and was immensely strong, lifting a man and chair up together with one hand.

So, a big cat, a man-beast and a large nightjar. Ring any bells in the zoomform archetypes department?

(Does anyone know anything else about this Kluski fellow?)

Love

Richard Freeman,
Leeds and/or Nuneaton
(sometimes of King's Cross)

ER... A POEM.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Essentially Senor Anderson (The Bard of the Highlands) dared me to print this poem, with the promise of a bottle of Talisker (a rather excellent Malt Whisky from the Isle of Skye) if I agreed. Being well known in the cryptozoological community as being someone who will do anything for a bottle of any whisky, especially the good stuff, I complied...

There's a green-eyed, scaly something,
to the west of Katmandu.
Its taxonomy an enigma, 'tis neither Vu nor Roo.
First brought to light by Ivan T,
though some doubted his sanity,
a denizen of wastelands barren,
'fishy' enough to interest Darren
(that victim of a swollen ego)

who, having just debunked the Migo, author of a paper brilliant, proving it was crocodilliant, pronouncing its dentition 'triffic, "I'd place it in the Palaeolithic".

Published a side elevation entitled 'Darreni cetacean'.

By now our brows were all in wrinkles, not least that of one G. Inglis, who, shunning academic wrangle, approached it from an eco-angle. Undeterred by recent failures, blamed it all on Japanese whalers. Then spoke the Ed, (an old curmudgeon) "'Tis probably a mutant Gudgeon".

This 'enfant terrible' of fortune (If he's a star, I'm a banana), attempting to defuse this fuss, he then did re-adjust his truss, be-devilled by a rampant hernia a plea was sent to far Hibernia.

Devotee of Ernst (a Kraut), imbibber of the dusky stout.

"Sure now" said Doc on hearing rumours, "You need witches sans their bloomers".

In Devon city, long abed, having been 'Paignton' the town red the editor lies wreathed in frowns victim to life's ups and Downes.

One whose star was once ascendant, upon the state is now dependant, lying prone upon his sickbed.

In desperation 'phones R. Muirhead who, normally a helpful being rîpostes "not me mate, too fortune".

By now the Ed. is on the floor, gazing glazed at Channel 4.

His jaw drops, he lets forth a curse it's Darren's game-show "Whales 'R' Us", victim of a crime so heinous (you try rhyming Odobenus).

His brief career now off the rails, a victim of the 'Prince of Whales'.

Anon

(a.k.a Tom Anderson, Aberdeen).

P.S. Roger McGough would have been safer, but you only get what you pay for...

BOOK REVIEWS



By Jonathan Downes except where noted.

From Flying Toads to Snakes with Wings by Dr Karl P.N. Shuker. Llewellyn Pubs \$12.95US 222pp Pb.

The advent of a new Karl Shuker book is a cause for excitement amongst the cryptozoological community. For our British readers in particular the publication of this volume is no exception. The slight qualification in the last sentence is because it is essentially a collection of his cryptozoological (and fortune zoological) articles for Fate magazine - a publication which is hardly ever found in the United Kingdom. Even if, however you have a complete run of the original articles, you should still buy this book because each chapter has been meticulously updated.

The chapter on carnivorous herbivores - sheep and deer which eat young birds in order to supplement a calcium poor diet with essential minerals is particularly interesting (if gruesome), but it is hard to single out a specific chapter for praise - they are

Output, this volume should (and probably eventually will be) on the shelves of every reader of this magazine.

Presently there seem to be a few problems with the British distribution of this book. We will be stocking it as soon as we can, so if you want a copy send no money now, but send us a SSAE marked clearly "SHUKER:FLYING TOADS BOOK" and we will let you know as soon as we are able to provide it.

The Cat in Ancient Egypt by Jaromir Malek (British Museum Press £9.99 Pb 144pp)

This copiously illustrated tome not only explores the position of the domestic (and wild) cat within the infrastructure, both cultural, artistic and religious in ancient Egypt.

Interestingly, as well as the domestic cat and African/Eurasian Wild Cats this book also goes into some depth in discussing the Jungle Cat (*F. chaus*) and in an interesting parallel to parts of my book 'The Smaller Mystery Carnivores of the Westcountry' (1996)

Malek goes into great deal in discussing the ancestry of the modern domestic cat. The illustrations are gorgeous and are worth the price of the book alone. Highly recommended.

Strange Northwest - Weird encounters in Alaska, British Columbia, Idaho, Oregon and Washington by Chris Bader \$US11.95 Hancock House 144pp. Available in the UK from Gazelle Book Services. Telephone 91524 68765

A similar volume to 'Mysterious America' by Loren Coleman and 'Mysterious Australia' by Rex Gilroy this book covers similar areas - UFOs, lake monsters and man beasts (including some remarkable accounts of white-haired bigfoot type

creatures). This stuff essentially covers much the same ground as we have read many times before. On the plus side, however, it covers some remarkable 'critters' such as a giant shrimp killed in Washington during 1948 and sightings of an Owlman type creature seen over the same area in 1947 (a weird year by anyone's standards).

Maori Art and Culture Edited by D.C.Starzecka (British Museum Publications Pb. 168 pp £17.99).

Although this book is not of direct relevance to the cryptozoologist, Maori culture as a whole is of direct interest to the cryptozoologist because of such well known and somewhat arcane cryptids as waitoreke (an otter-like creature), the giant gcko and various cryptic birds including the Moa. This book is an essential primer into the history of New Zealand and the related areas of Polynesia and as such is highly recommended.

A History of the Dragon by Carl Lofmark - Edited by G.A.Wells (Gwasg Carreg Gwalch - Welsh Heritage Series No. 4) £3.50

The red dragon in the title of this excellent little book is the symbol of the Welsh nation, but the late Professor Lofmark has thoroughly researched dragons in general to establish the beast in history. Dragons, both oriental and occidental are featured and an attempt is made to trace their common ancestry.

The question of the nature of the dragon - real or mythological - is discussed and given a firm platform from which to investigate not only dragons, but other creatures whose existence is debatable. The book is recommended not only as a source of draconian information, but as an introduction to the study of the more mystical aspects of history.

This volume is very copiously illustrated, and contains a good bibliography of books treating of dragons and dragon-lore.

Noella MacKenzie.

THE ANOMALIST #4, Edited by Patrick Huyghe and Dennis Stacey. 144pp ISSN 1076-4208 £8.00

Available from 15 Holne Court, Exwick, Exeter, EX4 2NA

The Anomalist is a highly erudite and stylish US publication which appears in book form twice a year. This issue contains much of interest to the UFOlogist as well as other forteans. There is an article on the final years of Project Blue Book by Hector Quintinalla, which includes some fascinating insights into this much maligned organisation. There is a fascinating article exploring the possibility that The Earth has two moons, and an idiosyncratic look at the phenomenon of crop circles as well as much more non-UFOlogical writings. My favourite is a fascinating expose of the so-called De-Loy's Ape of South America which Loren Coleman (a long time hero of mine) has shown up to be a hoax with unpleasant racist connotations. Unmissable.

The Field Guide to the Extraterrestrials by Patrick Huyghe NEL 136pp ISBN 0-340-69503-X £5.99.

There has been a need for this book for a long time, and I am pleased to see that Patrick - a writer for whom I have a lot of respect has filled this need in a succinct and professional manner. His publishers, however, have done him (and the subject) no favours by presenting, what would otherwise have been an invaluable tome, in the style of a tacky and disposable piece of fiction. The illustrations by Harry Trumbore are childish and unimpressive, and if it wasn't for the fact that the text (which describes over forty 'alien' types together with detailed case analysis, a worthy index and a good bibliography) is so good, I would be delivering the 'slag-off' review to end them all. It is a good book but it could have been soooooo much better!!

Borderlands - The Ultimate Exploration of the Unknown by Mike Dash (Heinemann £16.99 501pp)

I'm always in somewhat of a dilemma when I am sent something to review which has been written or recorded by a mate. What do you do if it turns out to be dreadful? This has happened on a number of occasions, especially with CDs, and I usually end up being non-committal and evasive about the

product in an attempt to get it out of the way as quickly as possible. Mike Dash is a mate of mine so I was, in theory at least, faced with the usual dilemma. I needn't have worried, however, because this book is superb. The Borderlands referred to in the title are very similar to The Outer Edge described by John Keel, and in this exhaustive work, Dash deals with a wide range of fortan and paranormal phenomena with wit, style and aplomb. The sections on UFOs, Abductions and Cryptozoology (which cites yours truly in the references), are particularly interesting, and contain much material which is new to me. This is a concise and erudite overview of fortan research over the past 50 years or more, and as such cannot be recommended highly enough.

Lo! by Charles Fort John Brown Publishing, London 1997.

1997 revision of 1931 text. £9.99 pb 304pp including index.

Fort's motto could have been, 'nothing is sacred'. He spent 27 years at the British Museum and New York Public Library researching journals, newspapers and manuscripts to gather material on the twilight phenomena bridging science and fantasy. These mysteries, often glibly explained away by mainstream science, formed the theme for four books.

This book, his third, is written in Fort's customary abstruse style. For instance, the second chapter commences thus:

"Frogs and fishes and worms - and these are the materials for our expression upon all things. Hops and flops and squirms - and these are the motions. But we have been considering more than matter and motion to start with: we have been considering attempts by scientists to explain them. By explanation I mean organisation."

"There is more than matter and motion in our existence: there is organisation of matter and motion. Nobody takes a little clot that is central in a disease germ, as Absolute Truth, and the latest scientific discovery is only something for ideas to systematise around..."

It is often the case that the writings of a science guru are over the heads of the proletariat. If, for example, you want a quick understanding of relativity theory, then avoid reading Einstein! Similarly, Fort's musings are for the connoisseur, for the thinker; for the serious student of forteana.

This book needs to be savoured. - **Graham Inglis**

Growing Herbs Dawn Dunn
 Cassell London 1997
 ISBN 0-304-34837-6 Large (ish)
 format, 96pp. Indexed.

This book looks at the planting and nurturing of herbs, their harvesting and preservation, and their applications - in crafts, cooking and health.

Dunn's approach is prosaic (down-to-earth?) rather than New-Age although, interestingly, you have to wait until page 31 for a definition of a herb - a soft-stemmed fragrant plant, just for the record. "Herb" is a pretty broad category, really: it includes roses, mustard and some shrubs.

Half of the book is an easy reference A-to-Z of 90 or so herbs, with typically 150 words describing the herb's appearance, ease of growth, and also its uses.

Almost every page has one or more colour photos; it seems that herbs can make a colourful addition to your garden as well as jazzing up your dinner. Even a non-gardener like me is tempted by this book to get back to nature a little bit. A good "starter" book.
 - **Graham Inglis.**

Plants of Mystery and Magic
 Michael Jordan Blandford
 1997 ISBN 0-7137-2645-8 £18.99
 128pp indexed.

Jordan is an anthropologist and tv presenter and the first part of his latest book is an A-to-Z of 43 herbaceous plants and shrubs (including the opium poppy), with the following information for each: where and when, appearance, and traditions and associations. It's a botanical guide rather than a gardener's guide but has numerous colour photos taken by the author.

Part two covers trees with photos of their flowers and part three, also well illustrated, deals with 9 fungi including the psilocybin "magic" mushroom - and notes that these mushrooms are "much sought after by interested parties when it first appears during the summer months."

This is a nice enough book but seems a little overpriced at the equivalent of 10 pints of Stella lager. Anyway, I just think I'll have a little wander over Dartmoor before the end of the summer. Stretch my legs a bit after all this computer work.....

Graham Inglis.

The Folklore of the Isle of Man by A
 W Moore Llanerch Press
 ISBN 1897853 42 4 £8.95

Regular readers of my musings in these, and other pages, will be aware of my belief that contemporary sightings of 'aliens' are part of a historical continuum of folkloric belief in faeries and elves which go back centuries. This excellent reprint of a book first published in 1891 is full of stories which will be all too familiar to the abduction/contactee scholar of the present day.

Out of the Blue Glenyce S
 Eckersley Rider, London 1997
 ISBN 0-7126-7165-X pb 163pp
 £6.99

Eckersley recounts many modern-day anecdotes and stories of "miracles" and coincidences from around the world and suggests that the many different things that happen to us are fundamentally interconnected and meaningful. He points out that such matters are worth investigating, as they are the nearest that most of us ever get to encountering spiritual or other-world phenomena.

For most of the book, though, Eckersley contents himself with recounting the tales, and only offers very brief discussion of "explanations" - such as the possible relationship between synchronicity and chaos theory. I wish he'd explored that aspect in a lot more detail, alongside all the anecdotes.

One notable deviation from the general anecdotal style is the author's look at the coincidence of dates and places:

President John Kennedy was elected exactly 100 years after Abraham Lincoln. Both were assassinated on a Friday in the presence of their wives. Lincoln was killed in Ford's Theatre, Kennedy in a Ford-made Lincoln convertible. Kennedy's assassin fled from a warehouse into a theatre, Lincoln's from a theatre to a warehouse. Lincoln's killer was born in 1839, Kennedy's in 1939. Both presidents were succeeded by men called Johnson. Lincoln's secretary was called Kennedy and begged him not to go to the theatre. Kennedy's secretary was called Lincoln and strongly advised him not to go to Dallas...

A pretty entertaining and thought-provoking read.

Graham Inglis.

Memories of Hell - Fortean Times
68-72 £19.99 John Brown
Publications ISBN 1-870870-90-5

One of the things that never ceases to surprise me, working as a journalist within the field of paranormal research is the level of good-natured co-existence that exists between the different magazines which cover the subjects in which we are all interested. The longest running of these is the Fortean Times (founded in 1973) and this excellent volume collects together five issues from the early 1990s, including on page 54 my first ever published a idle (which wasn't very good). That apart - this is a valuable resource for any wannabe paranormal investigator, or indeed anyone with a taste for the bizarre!

The International Underground Directory - The Most Dangerous Book in the World
ISBN 0-9 525546-6-6 Available from Megastep International. Tel. 01225 427759.

When I first received this book I was seriously disappointed. I had thought that 'the most dangerous book in the world' would look more impressive than a collection of ringbound A4 pieces of paper. However, when I read it I was stunned. The information in here; ranging from where to get a Bolivian Diplomatic Pasport to how to get your mail directed and where to buy surveillance equipment is totally stunning. In the wrong hands this stuff could be dynamite. I hope, however, that most people who buy it will just be like me and use it to spice up conversations down the boozer! (P.S a Bolivian Diplomatic Passport costs US\$ 50,000). However, apart from the sheer amusement value of much of this stuff, there are a lot of pieces of equipment on sale through these pages, such as night sights, and surveillance equipment which would be invaluable to the field cryptozoologist.

Encyclopaedia of the Unexplained - Magic, Occultism and Parapsychology - the ultimate guide to the unknown, the esoteric and the unproven. Edited by Richard Cavendish (Arkana Large format Pb £16.00 304pp). ISBN 0-14-019190-9

There have been a plethora of such books in recent years, but together with Karl Shuker's The

Unexplained this book is probably the best. It provides in-depth and succinct coverage of every topic that you could possibly think of, and most importantly it provides succinct thumbnail biographies of all the most important figures in the field. An invaluable work of reference this is also the sort of book which you can leave by your bath and dip into at random, sure in the knowledge that you will discover something new, challenging and wondrous.

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

BY GRAHAM INGLIS

Life beyond *Animals & Men*...

A not-entirely-regular guide to what the "opposition" (and quite a few friends too) are up to in the world of magazine publication.

Between Issues 6 and 11 Jon Downes tried categorising them ("much against our Fortean methodology", as he said at the time). "Periodical Reviews" then took a well-earned rest (or something) during Issues 12 and 13; and now resurfaces in a manner not at all reminiscent of soggy corn-flakes in a long-neglected and overflowing washing-up bowl.

I briefly mulled over the idea of presenting the "oppo" in order of **spine colour** (from red through to purple/violet, and then on to black) - but then found that virtually all of the buggers are **white**, so that was that, really. Damn.

DEAD OF NIGHT

"Merseyside's only publication dealing with all paranormal phenomena" has quite a lot to say about some aspects of life, and it's all very entertaining.

This weighty tome (62 A4 pages for £2) covers much in the crypto world as well as ghostie bits, UFOs, cover-ups, strange human behaviour, and religious weirdities, all in a fascinating stream of small features mixed with snippets and summaries of news items...

Dead of Night, continued...

Issue 11's crypto items include an update on Lizzie of Loch Lochy; the "monster" carcass washed up on Rhode Island; a look at the connection between the Kraken and giant squids; giant cats in Scotland; and summaries of weird and wonderful press cuttings. Excellent value.

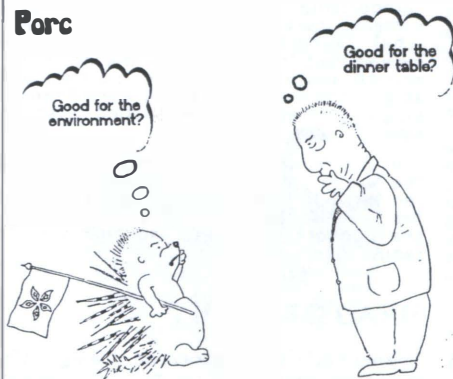
Lee Walker, 156 Bolton Road East, New Ferry, Merseyside, L62 4RY.

PORCUPINE!

The newsletter of the Dept of Ecology and Biodiversity of Hong Kong University. N° 16 is the first newsletter to be issued since the end of British rule of Hong Kong.

Investigative science. There's an article on types of (blue-blooded) Horseshoe Crabs, often called "living fossils" because they have changed so little over the last 450 million years. Also, more results from the South China Survey of forest areas; the application of DNA research to the understanding of biodiversity; and a tabular study of the flight periods of Hong Kong butterflies.

Porc



New SAR Government takes over...

Ades & Reels

As well as the cartoon - the only even-slightly-political reference in this issue, there's also much

more; including a look at fish introductions.

Free on application to Ka oorie Agricultural Research Centre, HKU, Lam Kam Road, Yuen Long, New Territories, Hong Kong.

We at Animals & Men extend our best wishes to the editors of Porcupine!, the people of Hong Kong and their new government (as well as its unique fauna) in its new role as a semi-autonomous Special Administrative Region of the People's Republic of China.

Belatedly, Kung Hai Fat Choi!

MAGONIA

"Interpreting contemporary vision and belief", the cover says, and this slender A4 magazine duly looks at the various angles of its chosen subject matter.

In issue 59 it's alien abductions (with a sceptical look at Budd Hopkin's book on the subject); satanism - is it a media myth; and plenty of book reviews, some of which are cryptozoological (or near it).

£1.25 John Rimmer, John Dee Cottage, 5 James Tce, Mortlake Churchyard, London, SW14 8HB

CRYPTONEWS

Issue 28 delves into the "surgeon's photo" of the Loch Ness Monster - seemingly there is much to debate on the matter. Lake monsters dominate this issue, as there's bits about "Caddy" (the somewhat prematurely-designated entity Cadborosaurus willsi), and Ogoogo, and claims of further monsters in lakes in South Africa and Austria.

For those cryptozoologists who prefer dry land, there's also a bit about the first sighting of sasquatch (bigfoot) in Quebec.

The British Columbia organisation that produce this 12pp quarterly newsletter (BCSCC) are contactable on <http://www.ultranet.ca>

BIPEDIA

Those intrigued by Françoise de Sarre's controversial theory of Initial Bipedalism in our 1997 Yearbook (the article that was regarded by some as the most controversial in the book) can keep abreast of things by contacting François at C.E.R.B.I., 6 Avenue George V, 06000 Nice, France.

THE NATTER JACK

The newsletter (rather a couple of leaflets, really) of the British Herpetological Society. Issue 26 links at the global phenomenon of decline of frog and toad populations, even in protected reserves.

This issue sees the first of a series of articles on cryptozoological matters. It's on the Tatzelwurm (worm with feet) - which we at the CFZ are still hoping might be the subject of a crypto-expedition hunt one day.

Society membership details, etc: Zoological Society of London, Regents park, London, NW1 4RY.

DRAGON CHRONICLE, The Dragon Trust, PO Box 3369, London SW6 6JN. A fascinating collection of all things draconian which now appears four times a year.

COVER UP, David Colman, 39 Limefield Crescent, Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland. EH48 1RF. The magazine of the Lothian Unexplained Phenomena Research group. UFOs, animal mutilation, ghosts, etc.

MAINLY ABOUT ANIMALS

13 Pound Place, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey GU4 8HH. Veteran zoologist Clinton Keeling edits this wonderful A5 magazine which is, as the title says, mainly about animals.

THE MILTON KEYNES HERPETOLOGICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Nice apart from the typeface (although who are we to talk, with the printer problems we've had doing this issue...)

The April issue (it's monthly, but April's the most recent we have) * reviews wildlife tv producer Nigel Marven's presentation to the society, including his following of the Quebec caribou and the Atlantic grey whales, and putting radar transmitters into rattlesnakes.

There's also pet sales ads and a follow-up on the disagreement between MKHS and Proteus Reptile Rescue, where the former now regard the latter as a "necessary evil".

* Editorial note: Normally we don't include periodicals when they haven't been sent to us for three months or so, unless:

- (a) they're produced less than 4 times a year, or
- (b) we really want to, or
- (c) we receive £500 in a brown envelope.

CRYPTOZOOLOGIA

This mag really is only of interest to people who can read French. As my French is limited to the likes of "Un biere s'il vous plait" and "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?" it's a bit beyond me. I gather it sometimes recasts ANIMALS & MEN items into French, though.

Available from Belge d'Etude et de Protection des Animaux Rares, Square des Latins, 49/4, B-1050 Bruxelles, Belgium.

SIGHTINGS

This mag is a glossy that is available from (or orderable from) any newsagent. It deals with sightings ranging from the UFO type to weird animals, and its contributors may sometimes sound familiar: one recent issue had about 24% of its content taken up by crypto-ish articles by Jon Downes and Karl Shuker, and a space article by me; and the book and alien tal (er, sorry, accoutrements) reviews by Jon.

The latest, vol 2 issue 3, has the lead article by Jon Downes and (from GOBLIN UNIVERSE magazine) Tina Askew on the Rendlesham UFO mystery. Also, Jon is responsible for the magazine's first-ever use of the word "bollocks" - in his reviews section, that is.

Publ: Rapide. ISSN 1363-5166 £2.95

URI GELLER'S ENCOUNTERS

A general paranormal mag who generally avoid using confusing psychedelic patterns as background for the text.

The fourteen zoology content usually comes from Jon Downes who writes a monthly column called THE JD FILES. Sometimes he just goes on about the state of his car, though, or includes pictures of me poking the ground with a stick. All in rigorously paranormal context, though...

In the August issue, Jon describes his recent sighting of the "Beast of Bodman", which is why the mag qualifies as a crypto entry here...

Publ: Paragon. ISSN 1364-1921 £2.99

ENIGMA

Another "glossy", issue 5 carries an article by some geezer called Jon Downes, writing about the Owlman of Mawnan (in Cornwall). A fair amount of the mag is psychic stuff (as indeed Owlman "himself may be...") but there's also an article on HAARP environment-modification technology.

Publ: Newstand. ISSN 1364-7741 £2.95

THE CRYPTOZOOLOGY REVIEW

The summer issue includes an article by Darren Naish (a major contributor to ANIMALS & MEN) on a possible second "Caddy" in carcass form.

Darren and Jon are both due to write in a forthcoming issue.

Thrice yearly. \$14 sub. 166 Pinewood Avenue, Toronto ON, M6C 2V8, Canada.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS

ANIMALS AND MEN BACK ISSUES

Back issues of "Animals & Men" are available at £2 each from the editorial address. Please see "methods of payment" below.

As well as the main features detailed below, all issues of "Animals & Men" have a "Newsfile" section and letters, reviews and other shorter pieces.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 1

Relict Pine Martens, Giant Sloths, Sumatran and Javan Rhinos, Golden Frogs, Frog Falls.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 2

Mystery bears in Oxford and The Atlas Mountains, Loch Ness reports, Green Lizards, Woodwoose, The Tatzelwurm.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 3

Giant Worm in Eastbourne, Lake Monsters of New Guinea, Giant Lizards in Papua, Mystery Cats, Black Dogs on Dartmoor, Scorpion Mystery

ANIMALS & MEN issue 4

Manatees of St Helena, Migo: The Lake Monster of New Britain, The search for the Tasmania Thylacine

ANIMALS & MEN issue 5

Mystery cats, Loch Ness, More on the "Migo Video", Boars and Pumas, The Hairy Hands of Dartmoor.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 6

The Owlman Special; also the Humped Elephants of Nepal, Mystery Cats Sabre-toothed cats, Mysterious hominids of Africa, The British Nandi Bear?, Bibliography of Cryptozoology books pt 1 (Shuker)

ANIMALS & MEN issue 7

Mystery Whales, Strangeness in Scotland, On collecting a cryptid, Bodmin Leopard Skull, Bibliography of "Crypto" Books (Shuker) pt 2

ANIMALS & MEN issue 8

Green Cats and Dogs, Mystery Whales, Quagga Project, Bibliography of Cryptozoological books (3rd & concluding part), Malayan Man Beast.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 9

Hong Kong Tiger, Horseman of Lincolnshire, Scottish BHM, Congo Peacock, Mystery whales.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 10

Mystery Moth of Madagascar, Bengal Leopard Cats, The Derry, Wild Boars in Kent, a new Irish lake monster, mystery whales and the truth about the Essex Beach Corpses.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 11

The "Walrus Special", also Feathered Dinosaurs, Ground Sloth Survival in North America, Mystery Whales, Initial Bipedalism

ANIMALS & MEN issue 12

Lions: The Barbary Lion, etc. More Feathered Dinosaurs, Chinese Crabs in the Thames, Mystery Animals of Germany, News from New Zealand.

ANIMALS & MEN issue 13

Pangolins; also Moby the Sperm Whale, Barking Beast of Bath, Yorkshire ABCs, Molly the Singing Oyster, Leatherback Turtles, Walruses

THE GOBLIN UNIVERSE BACK ISSUES

Issues 4 to 6 of "Goblin Universe" are available at £2 each from the editorial address. Please see "methods of payment" below.

As well as the main features detailed below, all issues of "Goblin" have a "News from Nowhere" section and letters, record and book reviews and other shorter pieces.

THE GOBLIN UNIVERSE issue 4

St Neot: Weirdest village in the West?, Naked witches, hellhounds and Capel's tomb, the Vampire of St Leonards, Cattle Mutilation, and an account of psychic detective work.

THE GOBLIN UNIVERSE issue 5

Crop Circles and Animal Mutilations, Ghosts of Glamis Castle, Communication with UFOs, and The "Noosphere" and text semantics.

THE GOBLIN UNIVERSE issue 6 - out now!

Jon and Tina are shown the Rendlesham UFO crash site. Also, Mystery Planets, Cannibalism in Scotland, and D.I.Y. countries and states.

METHODS OF PAYMENT

Postage and packing is extra; please add 25p (30p non-UK) per magazine and 75p (80p non-UK) per book.

Payment can be made in UK or US cash, by IMO (International Money Order), Eurocheque, or by a cheque drawn on a UK bank.

Please make all cheques payable to Jonathan Downes.

Orders outside Europe are sent by surface mail unless additional postage is paid.

Many of the people who produce this magazine are also involved in the Centre for Fortean Zoology, a non-profit-making organisation which promotes the study of mystery animals, new and rediscovered animal species, zooforn phenomena, cattle mutilations, bizarre and aberrant animal behaviour and our-of-place animals, and much more.

We have been publishing books and magazines for over three years and the following books are still in print:

OUR OWN BOOKS

The Owlman and Others

by Jonathan Downes

Two decades of Owlman evidence including sightings - mostly by girls and young women - in Cornwall, in the vicinity of Mawman Old Church. This book discusses the evidence - and the role of Tony 'Doc' Shiels in the case - and comes about as close to the truth as anyone ever will...

Many illustrations. £10

The CFZ Yearbook 1996

The first yearbook, with nearly 200 pages of research papers and longer articles including Sky Beasts (Karl Shuker), mystery eagles (Jon Downes), Namibia's Flying Snake (Richard Muirhead), the "Nnidnidification" of Ness (Tony Shiels), African Man Beasts (François de Sarre), The Loch Ness Monster (Neil Arnold) and much more.

Many illustrations. £12

The CFZ Yearbook 1997

Karl Shuker hunts anomolous aardvarks, Darren Naish figuratively shoots the Lake Dakataua

Monster ("Migo") and François de Sarre asks if humans are descended from bipedal fish.

Also articles on : the pros and cons of reintroducing extinct mammal species to Scotland; a list of cryptozoological movies; Mexican cattle mutilation and the Chupacabras - and much more.

Many illustrations £12

Morgawr: The Monster of Falmouth Bay

by A. Mawman-Peller.

The classic 1976 booklet reissued with a new introduction by Tony Shiels and an additional essay by Jon Downes

£1.50

The Smaller Mystery Carnivores of the Westcountry by Jonathan Downes

Over 100 pages of information on a range of small carnivores in this fascinating region of the British Isles.

Three species thought extinct; hints of several species apparently unknown to science; and a revolutionary suggestion that a species of mammal known from mainland Europe exists in England.

Illustrated. £7.50

Advertisement

CRYPTO-DOCUMENTARIES and NEWS CLIPS...

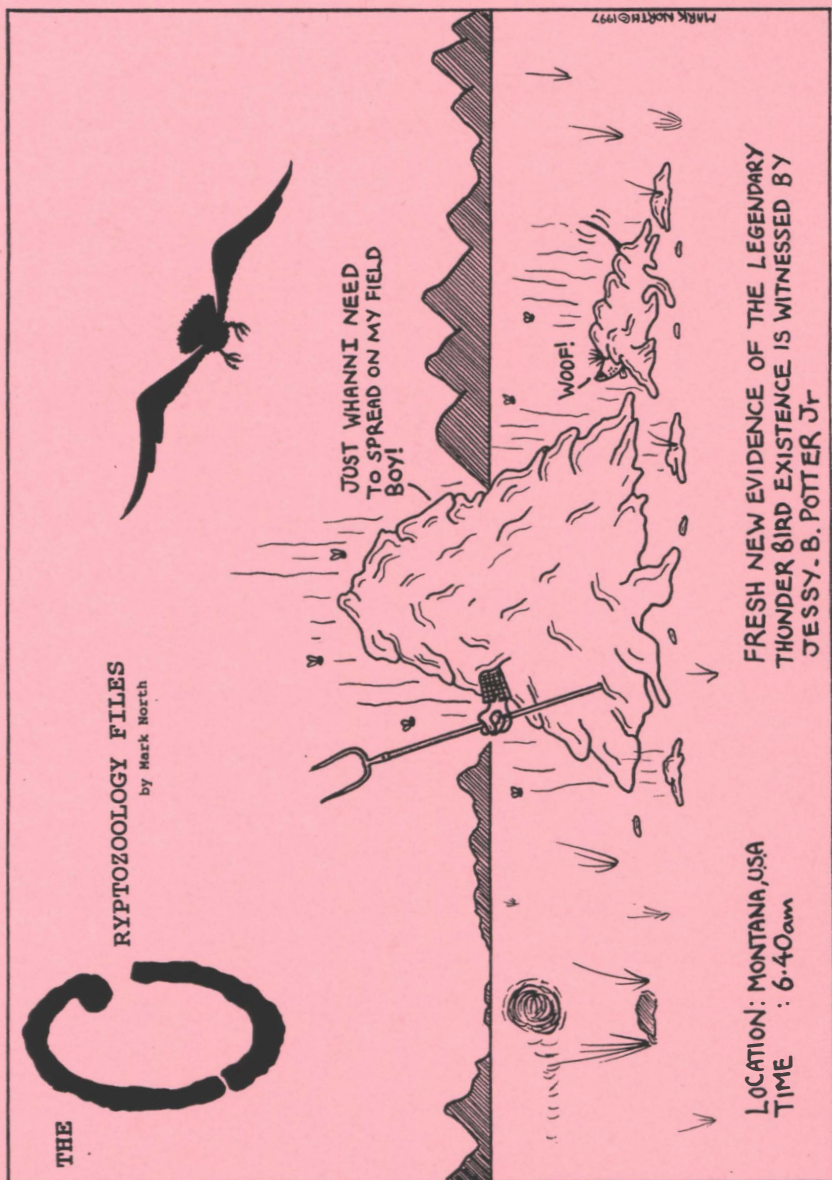
TV video, Nessie, Lizard Men, Bigfoot, etc.

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Chatham, Kent, ME5 0UQ

Cartoon By Mark North



ISSN 13540637 Typeset By Ishmael²
(at the Sign of the Spouter Inn)

We smell land where there is no land....